THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

STILL ONLY 20¢

PLOP!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

NO. 7

OCT

30610

BYRON BIGBRAIN III, whose brain outgrew his skull shortly after birth, states that his only goal is to stand still and think. "My conclusions impress me so much," he points out, "that all I can do is continue standing in a state of amazement and let my brain drain."

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PLOP!

ZA-352

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present the . . .

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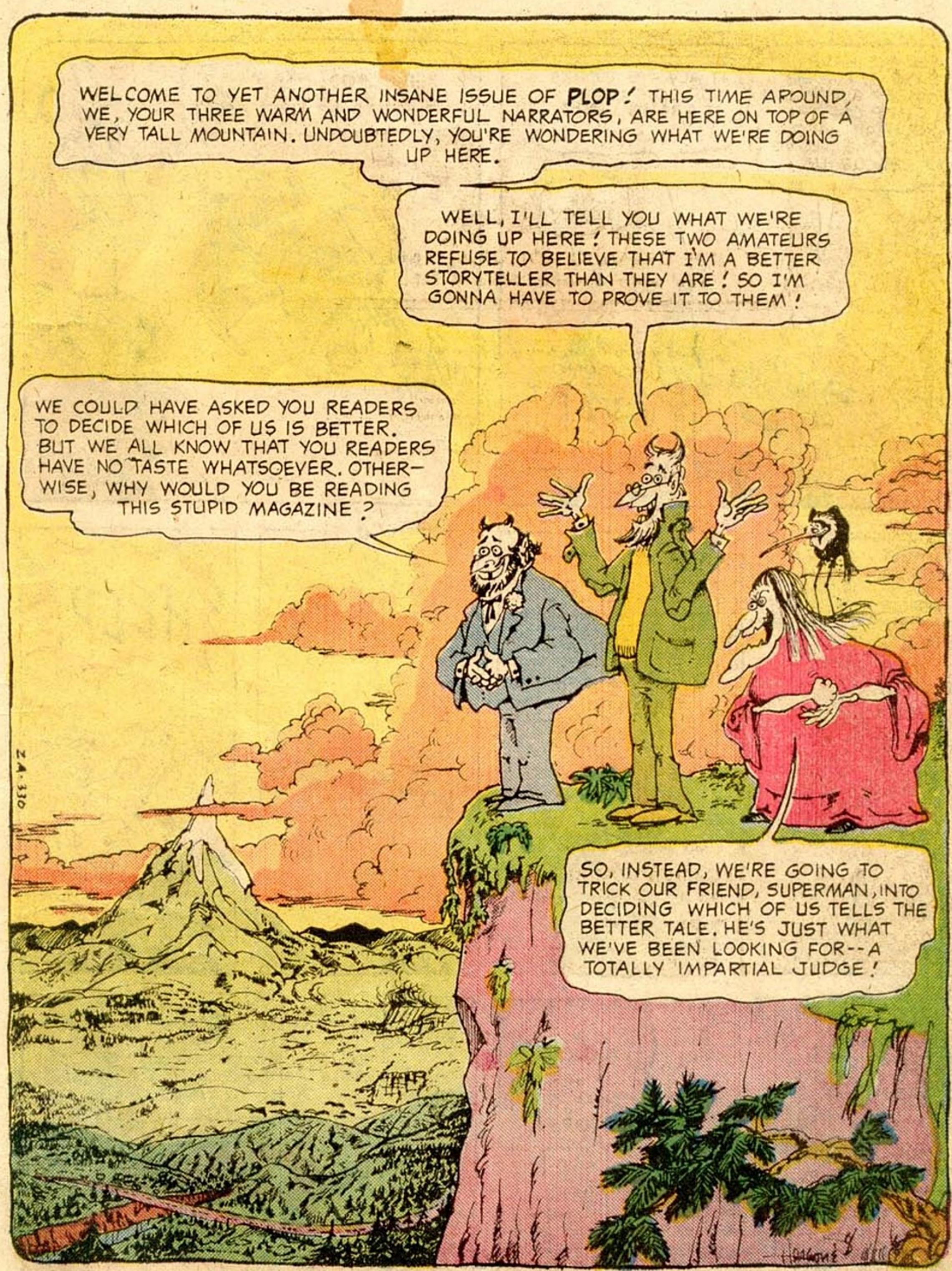

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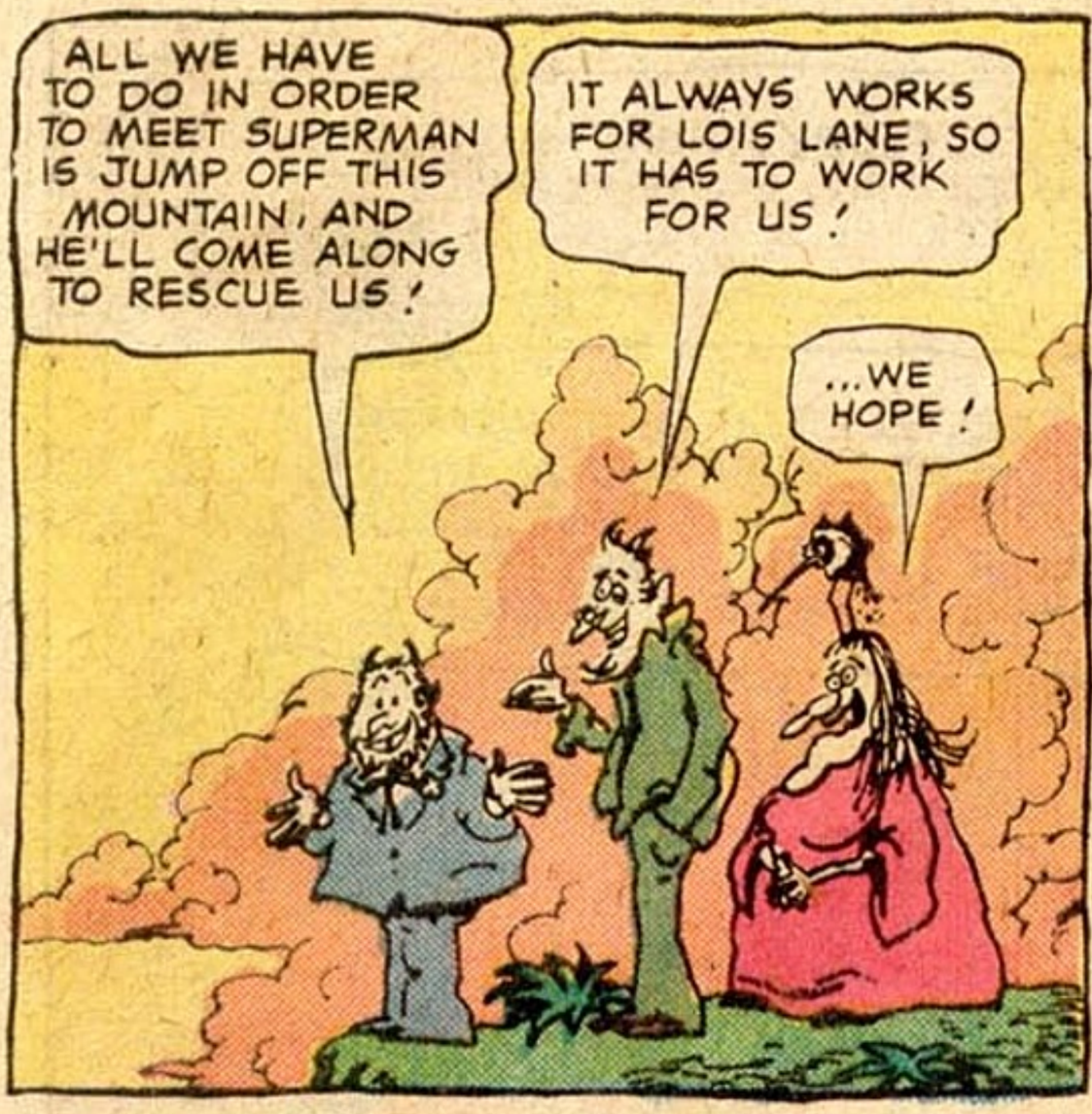

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IN ORDER TO MEET SUPERMAN IS JUMP OFF THIS MOUNTAIN, AND HE'LL COME ALONG TO RESCUE US!
IT ALWAYS WORKS FOR LOIS LANE, SO IT HAS TO WORK FOR US!
...WE HOPE!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? IT'S YOUR TURN TO GO FIRST, ABEL!
HEY!

WELL, ALL I CAN DO NOW IS WAIT FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-HERO TO SHOW UP!

SUPERMAN...HURRY!

SUPIE?

HELP!

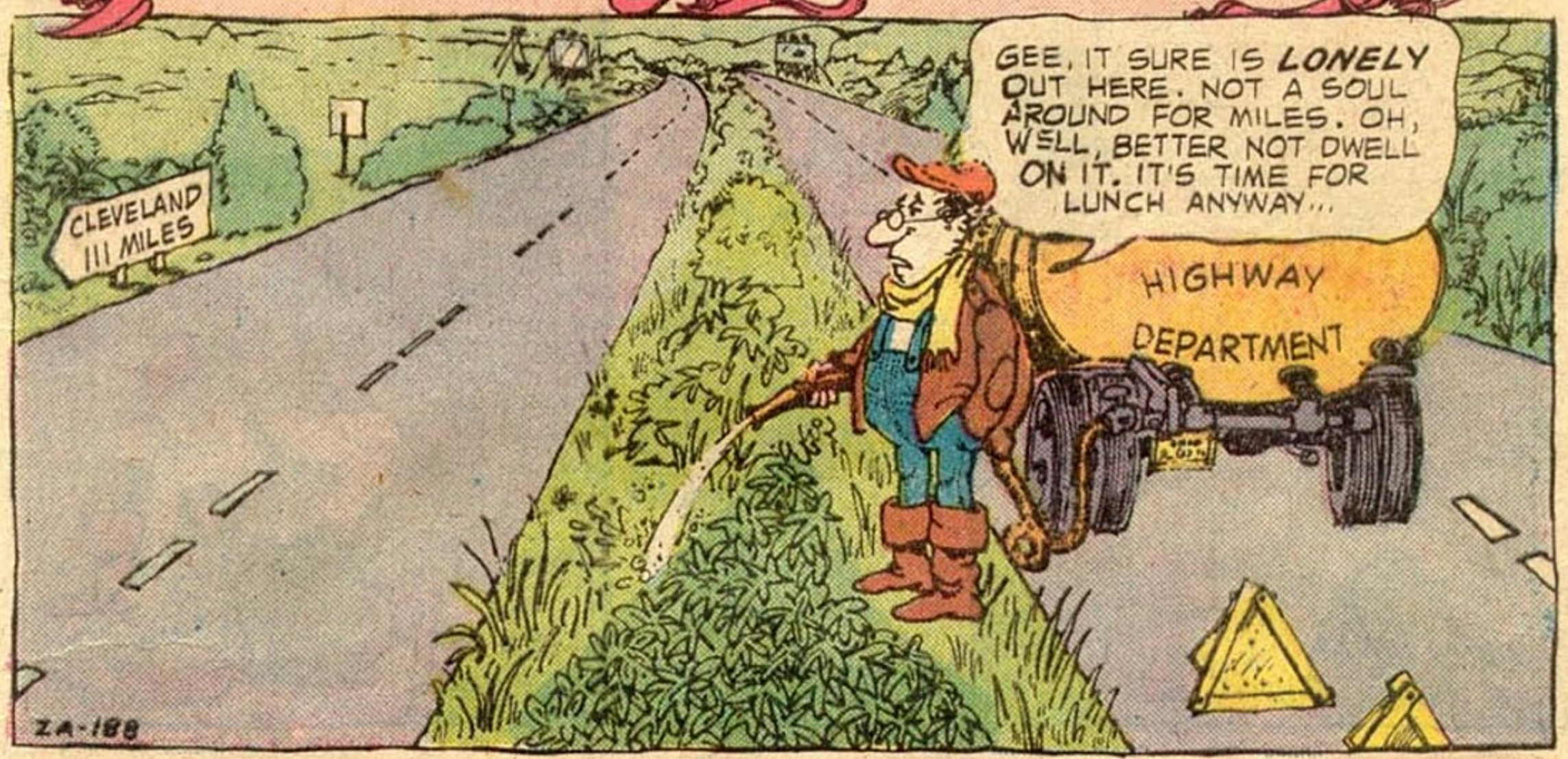
PLOP!

WELL...HEH...HEH...S-SUPERMAN! FANCY MEETING Y-YOU HERE (GULP)! BY THE WAY, I'VE GOT THIS REALLY GREAT STORY I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU, A MONSTER EPIC OF UNBELIEVABLE PROPORTIONS! I JUST KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY IT...

IT WAS HARD BEING A SOLITARY MAN IN AN OVERCROWDED WORLD, AND HERZOG PENSON LONGED FOR THE COMPANIONSHIP THAT FATE SEEMED TO DENY HIM. BUT LITTLE DID HE REALIZE THAT FRIENDSHIP WAS ALREADY ON ITS WAY--IN THE UNEXPECTED FORM OF ...

THE LAWN THAT DEVOURED CLEVELAND

Script: DAVID MICHELINIE Art: SERGIO ARAGONÉS



WHA--? TH-THAT LUMP OF GRASS! IT-- IT'S MOVING! IT'S ALIVE!
PURRR PURRR

IT... IT DOESN'T LOOK DANGEROUS... BUT--HEY! IT'S EATING THE CRUMBS FROM MY SANDWICH! M-MAYBE IT'S JUST HUNGRY!
SAY, FELLA... W-WANT A BITE OF MY SANDW...

HOLY COW! THE POOR THING MUST BE STARVED! NO TELLIN' HOW LONG IT'S BEEN OUT ON THIS HIGHWAY! HMMM, I WONDER...
GALUMPH!
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH

HEY, FELLA, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO COME HOME WITH ME? I'VE GOT PLENTY OF ROOM, AND A BAGFUL OF FERTILIZER IN THE GARAGE, AND...
PURRR PURR
AND SO IT BEGAN...

SOON...
AND TOMORROW I'LL BUILD YOU YOUR OWN LITTLE HOUSE! WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, BOY?
A-1 LAWN FOOD
GRUNCH GRUNCH

YES, HERZOG PENSON HAD FINALLY FOUND THE COMPANIONSHIP HE HAD WANTED...
WELL, BOY, IT'S FINISHED. HOW DO YOU LI--
HEY, LAWNY... CUT THAT OUT. C'MON, STOP IT! HA... HA...
SLURP! SLURP
LAWNY

SOME MIGHT HAVE CONSIDERED SUCH COMPANIONSHIP A BIT, UH, SHALL WE SAY--ODD...?
FETCH, BOY. FETCH!
HEY, MARTHA... C'MERE... YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS!
GARF! GARF!!
2

BUT HERZOG NEVER NOTICED, NOT EVEN WHEN HIS NEW PET BEGAN GROWING... AND GROWING...

THAT'S ANOTHER FOOT THIS WEEK, PAL. GUESS IT'LL BE TIME TO TAKE YOU IN FOR YOUR ***SHOTS*** SOON...

NO, HERZOG HAD FOUND A FRIEND AT LAST, AND NOTHING ELSE MATTERED...

SAVE ME, POOPSIE! SAVE ME!

YAP! YAP YAP YAP!

AW, DON'T MIND THEM, LAWNY. THEY'RE JUST ***JEALOUS!***

EEEEEE

OF COURSE, CERTAIN PROBLEMS DID ARISE --SUCH AS...

I-I'M SORRY, SIR, B-BUT I DON'T THINK THE DOCTOR KNOWS HOW TO TREAT ***C-C-CRABGRASS!!***

DR. V. DIBNY VETERINARY MEDICINE

...AND...

W-WHY, NO, MRS. FINSTER, I, UH, ***HAVEN'T*** SEEN POOPSIE AROUND LATELY!

BURP!

AND...

BAD BOY, LAWNY! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO ***CHASE CARS?***

BUT FOR THE MOST PART, HERZOG PENSON AND LAWNY ENJOYED A LIFE OF MUTUAL CONTENTMENT AND SECURITY...

...AND TOMORROW, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE ***BOTANICAL GARDENS,*** BOY. WON'T THAT BE ***FUN?***

PAT PAT

3

AND THEN, ONE FATEFUL MORNING...

TELEGRAM FOR MR. PENSON! JUST SIGN HERE, SIR, AND... AND... GULP!

GROOMING AIDS

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE GOT INTO HIM, LAWNY? OH, WELL, NO MATTER...

HM...THIS TELEGRAM IS FROM THE CITY HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT. LOOKS IMPORTANT...

EYIIIIII

WHAT? I--I'M BEING LAYED-OFF! AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF OBEDIENT CIVIL SERVICE-- THEY'RE FIRING ME!

A LIFETIME OF FRUSTRATION AND FAILURE WELLED UP IN HERZOG'S BRAIN UNTIL FINALLY--SOMETHING SNAPPED!

THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY! I'LL--

NO! WAIT! I WON'T MAKE THEM PAY! (HEE HEE HEE) WE WILL!

IN A FRENZY, HERZOG DROVE TO A TALL HILL OVERLOOKING CLEVELAND...

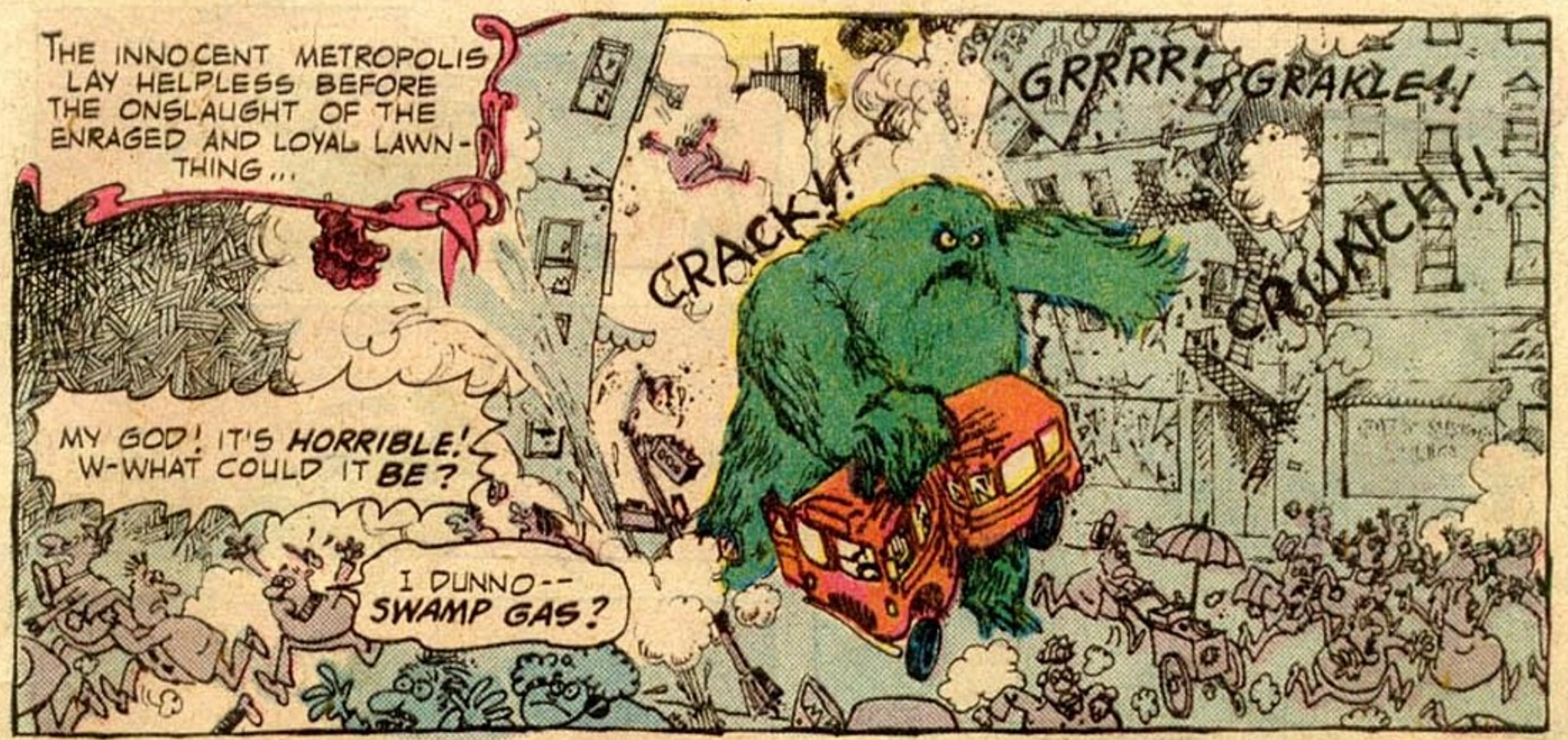
HEE..HEE..

CHUG...CHUG.. PUFF! PANT! CHUGG!! PUFF

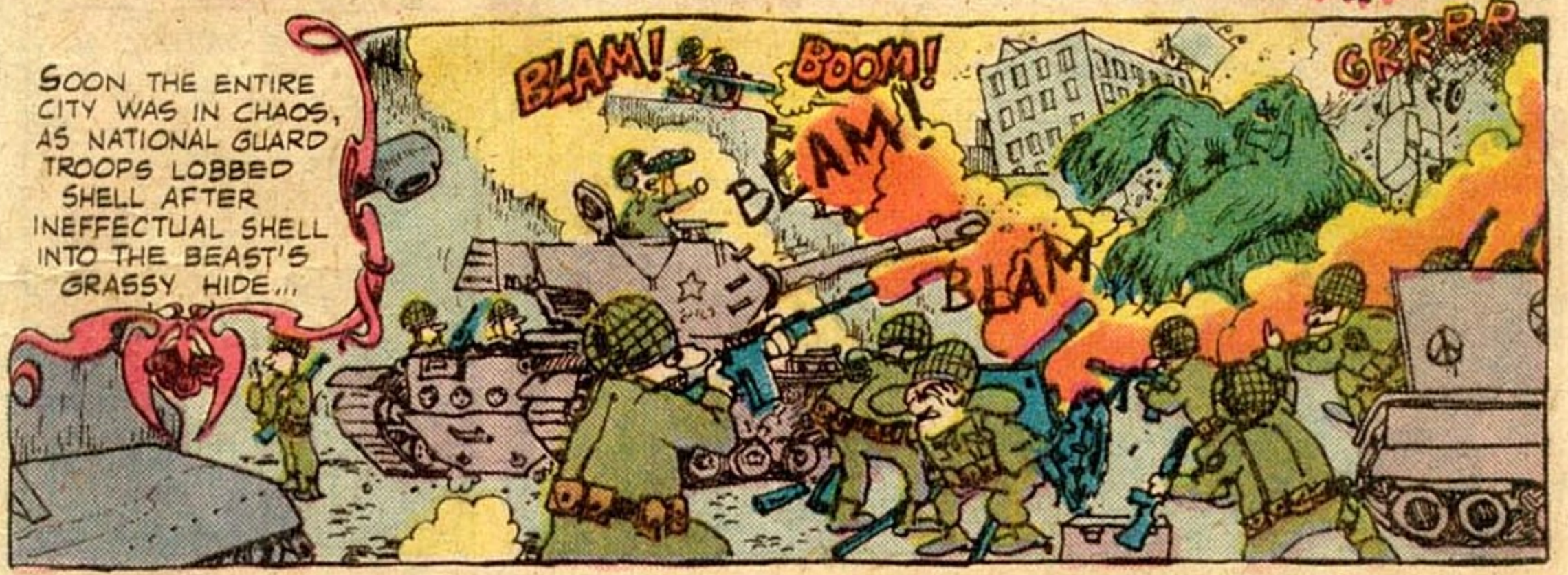
...WHERE, IN WILD-EYED MADNESS, HE ISSUED A SINGLE COMMAND!

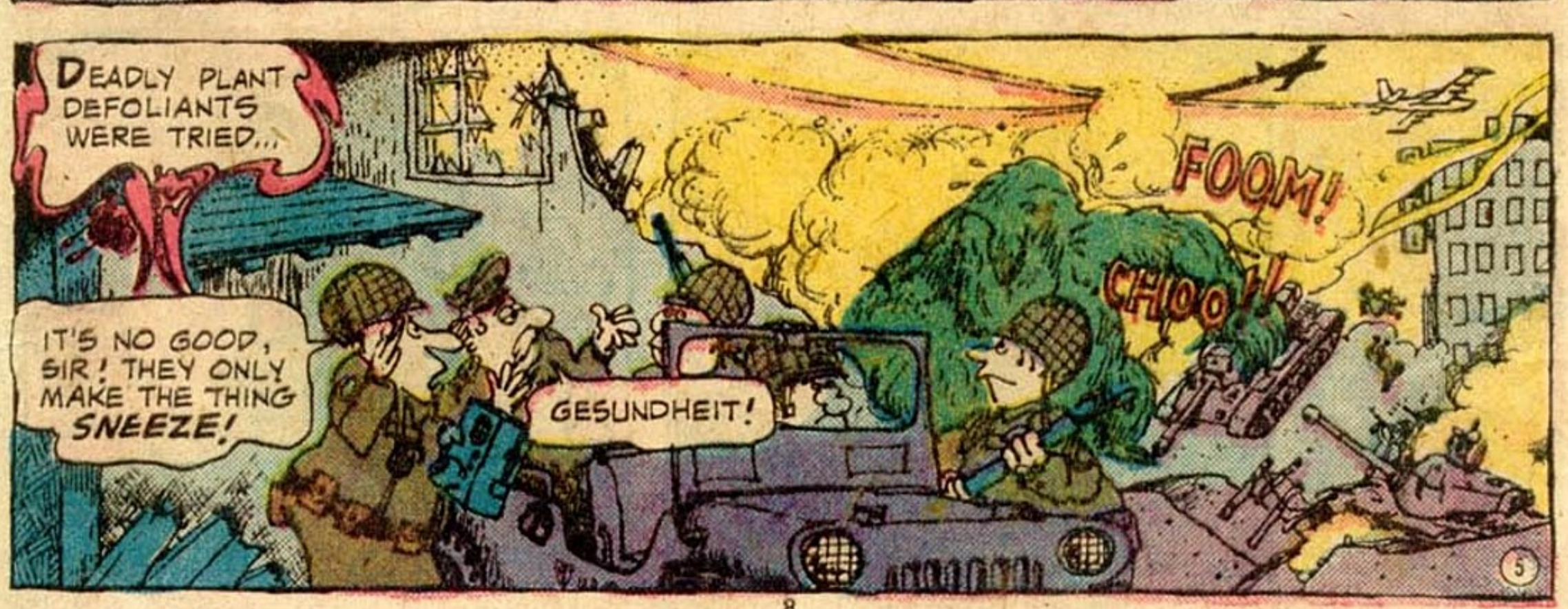
GRAARRRGGH!

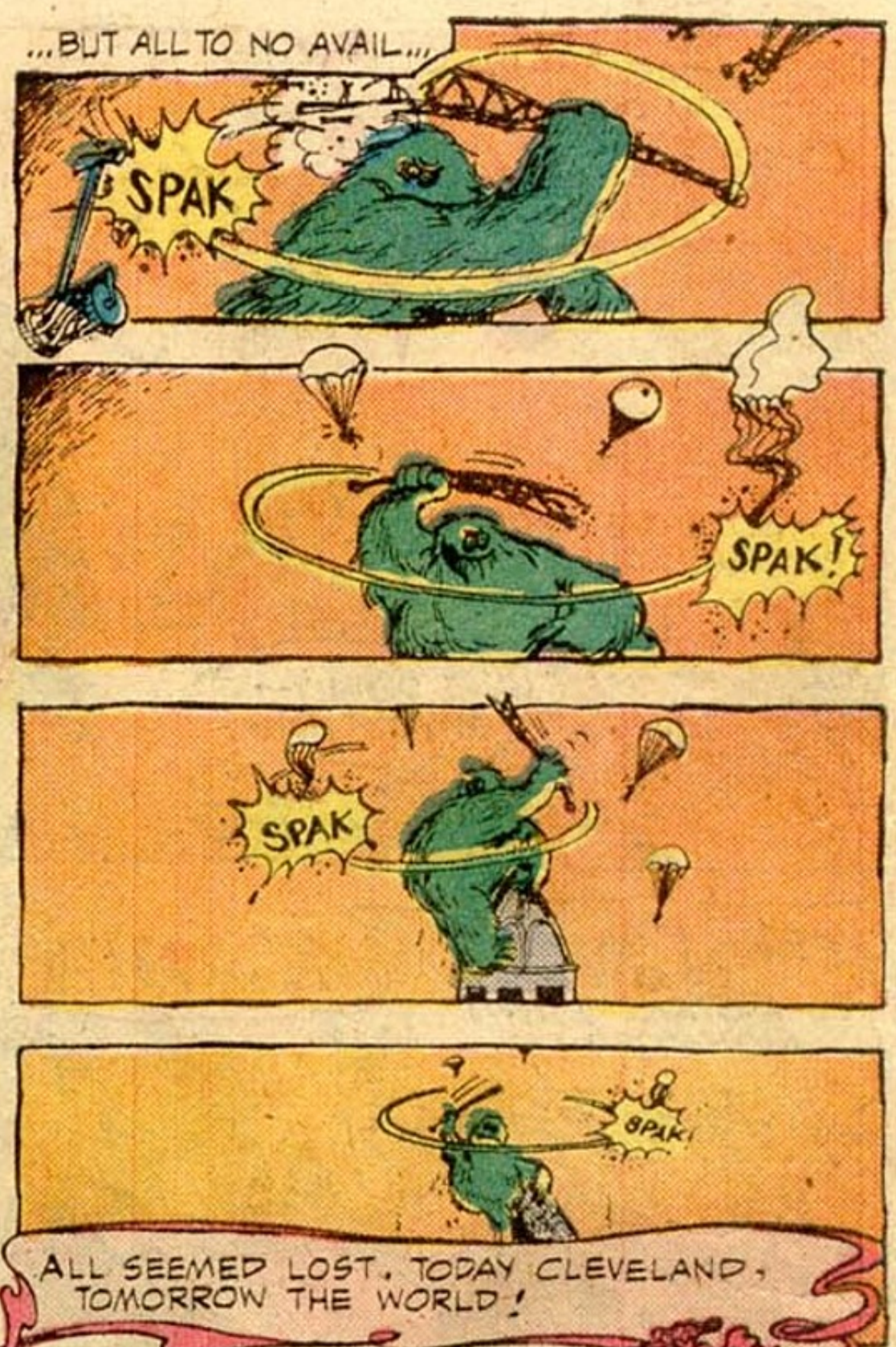
KILL!


THE INNOCENT METROPOLIS LAY HELPLESS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ENRAGED AND LOYAL LAWN-THING...
GRRRR!
GRAKLE!!
CRACK!!
CRUNCH!!
MY GOD! IT'S HORRIBLE! W-WHAT COULD IT BE?
I DUNNO-- SWAMP GAS?

EEEEK! HERBERT, DO SOMETHING! IT'S A GIANT LAWN MONSTER!!
SHO WHAT? THISH IS A LAWN PARTY, ISN'T IT?
GNASH
SNARL

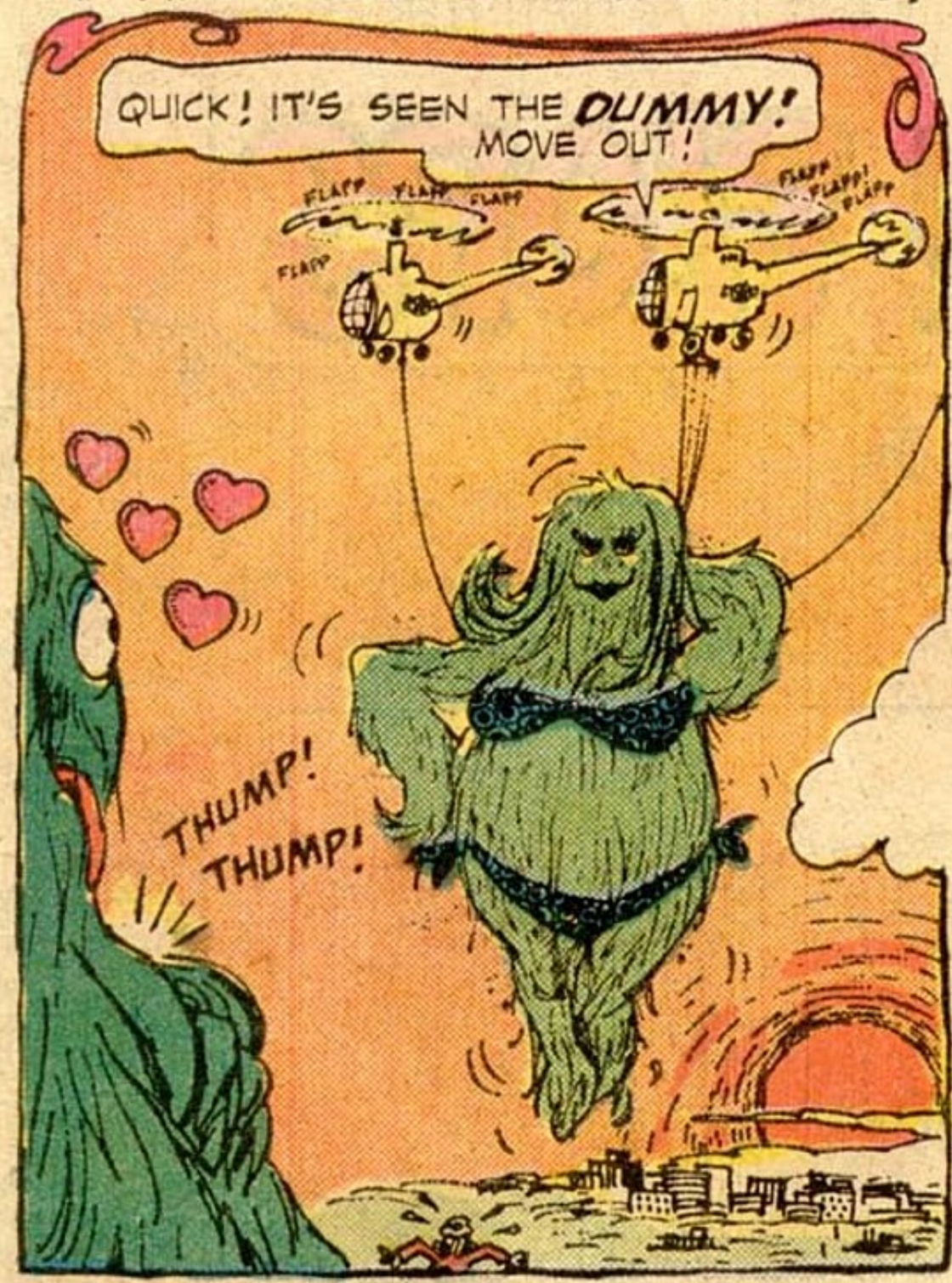

SOON THE ENTIRE CITY WAS IN CHAOS, AS NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS LOBBED SHELL AFTER INEFFECTUAL SHELL INTO THE BEAST'S GRASSY HIDE...
BLAM!
BOOM!
BLAM!
BLAM
GRRRR

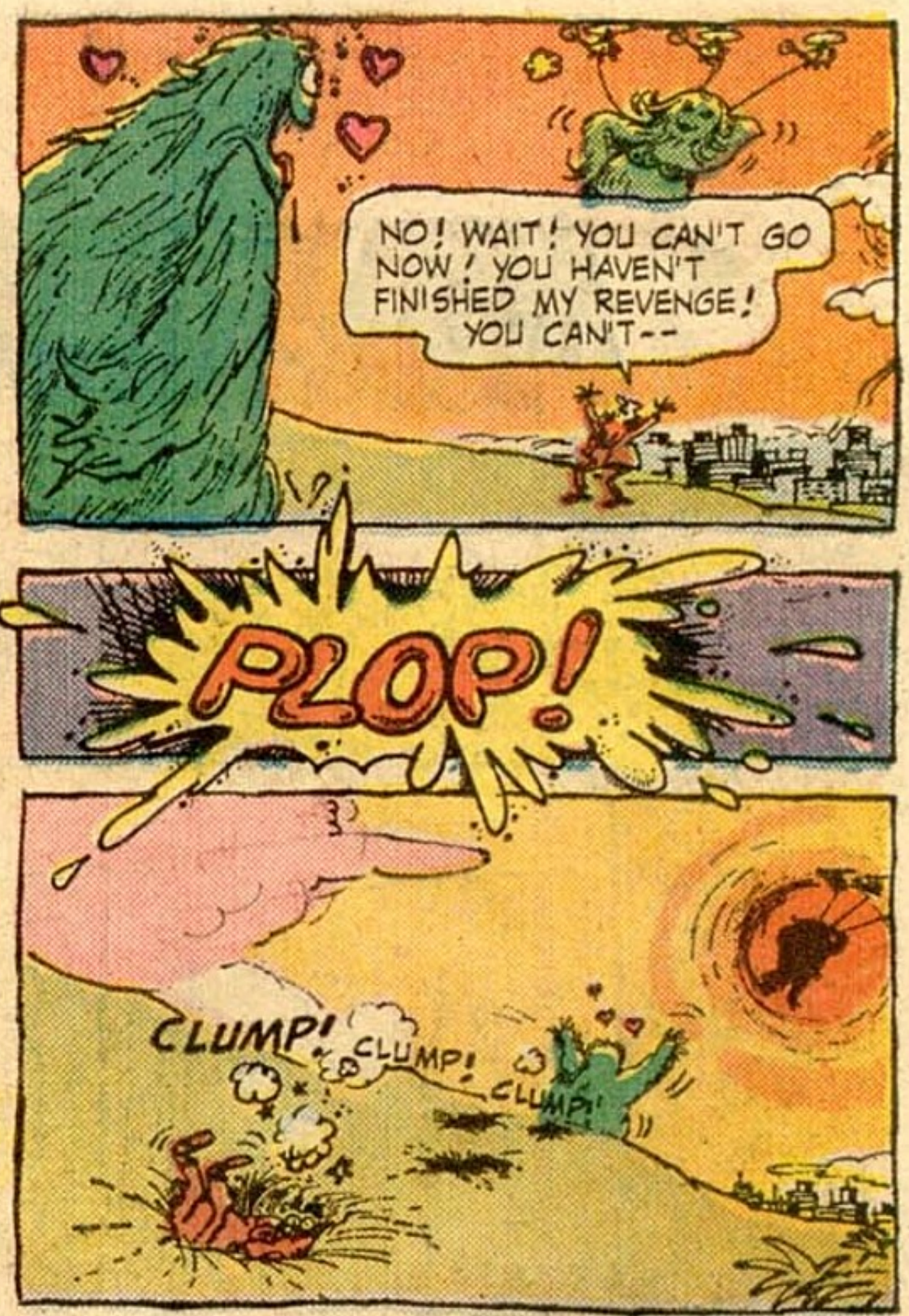

DEADLY PLANT DEFOLIANTS WERE TRIED...
IT'S NO GOOD, SIR! THEY ONLY MAKE THE THING SNEEZE!
GESUNDHEIT!
FOOM!
CHOO!!
5

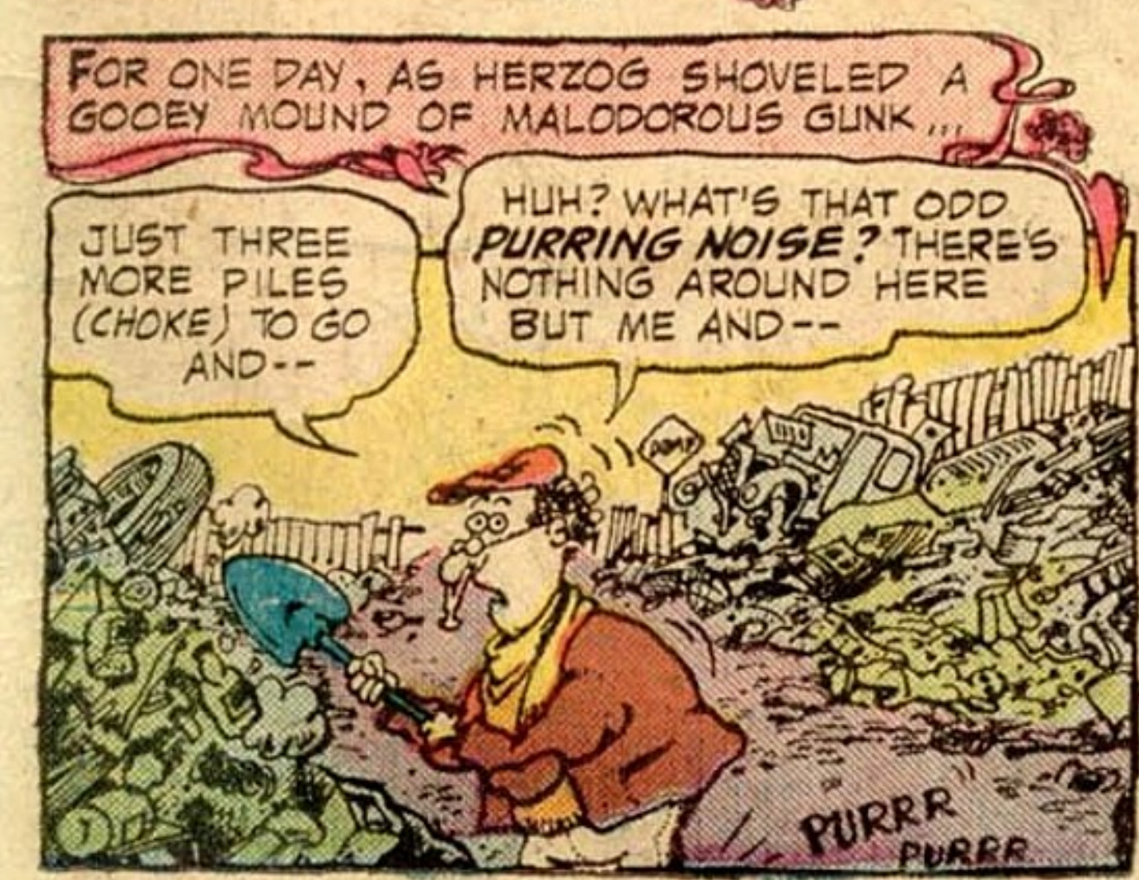


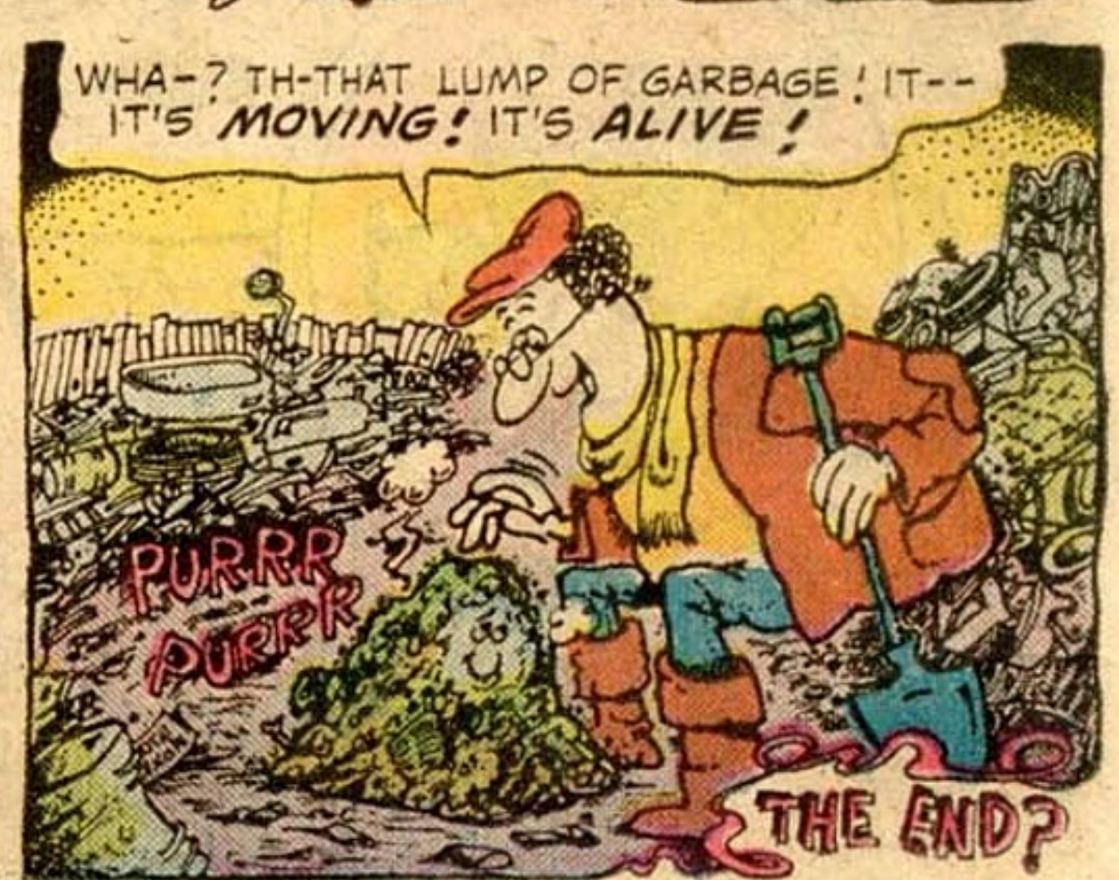
...ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF ITS SOD! 6

FOR THERE, HANGING BEFORE IT IN THE GENTLE DAWN, WAS--A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE LAWN-THING!



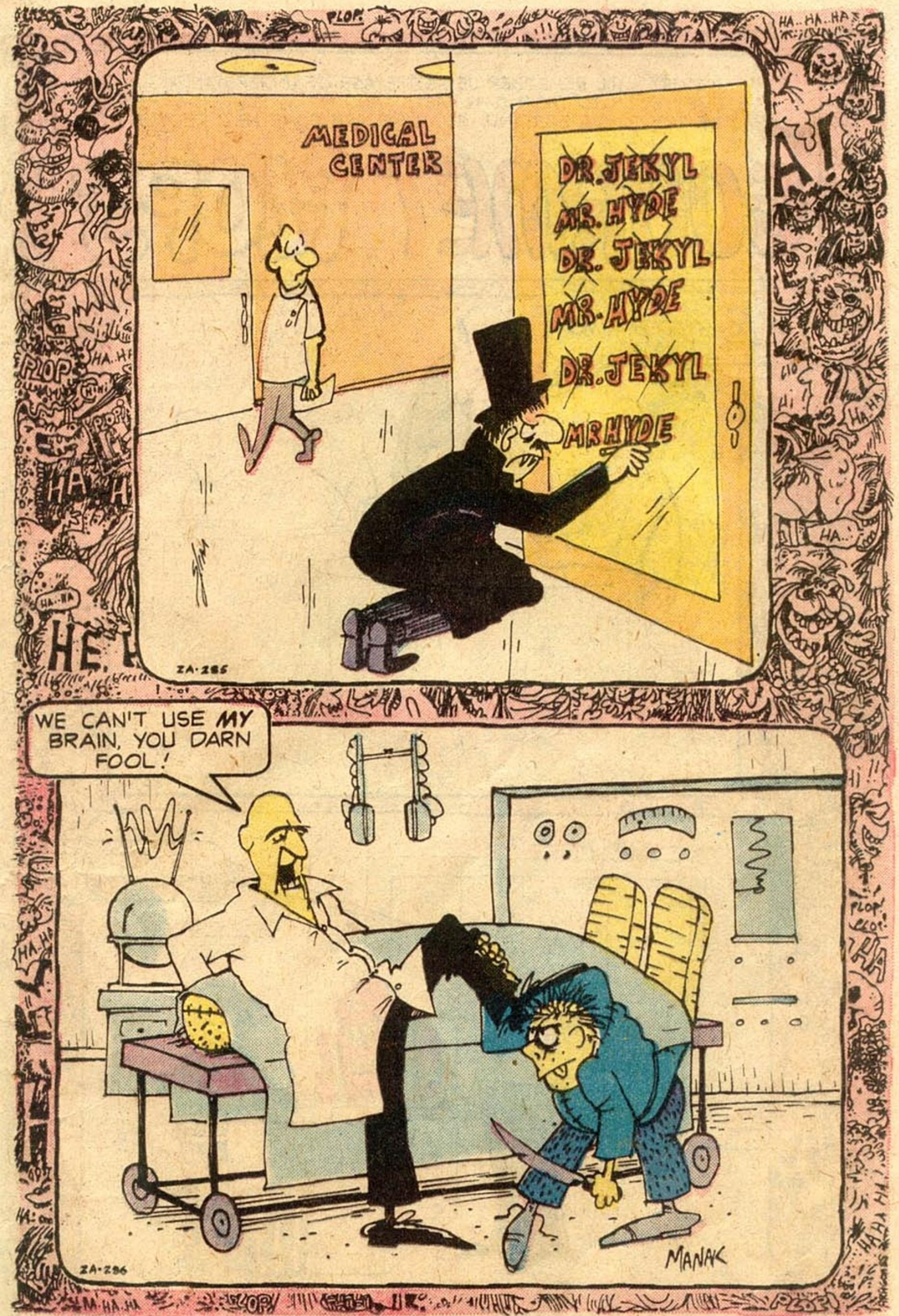






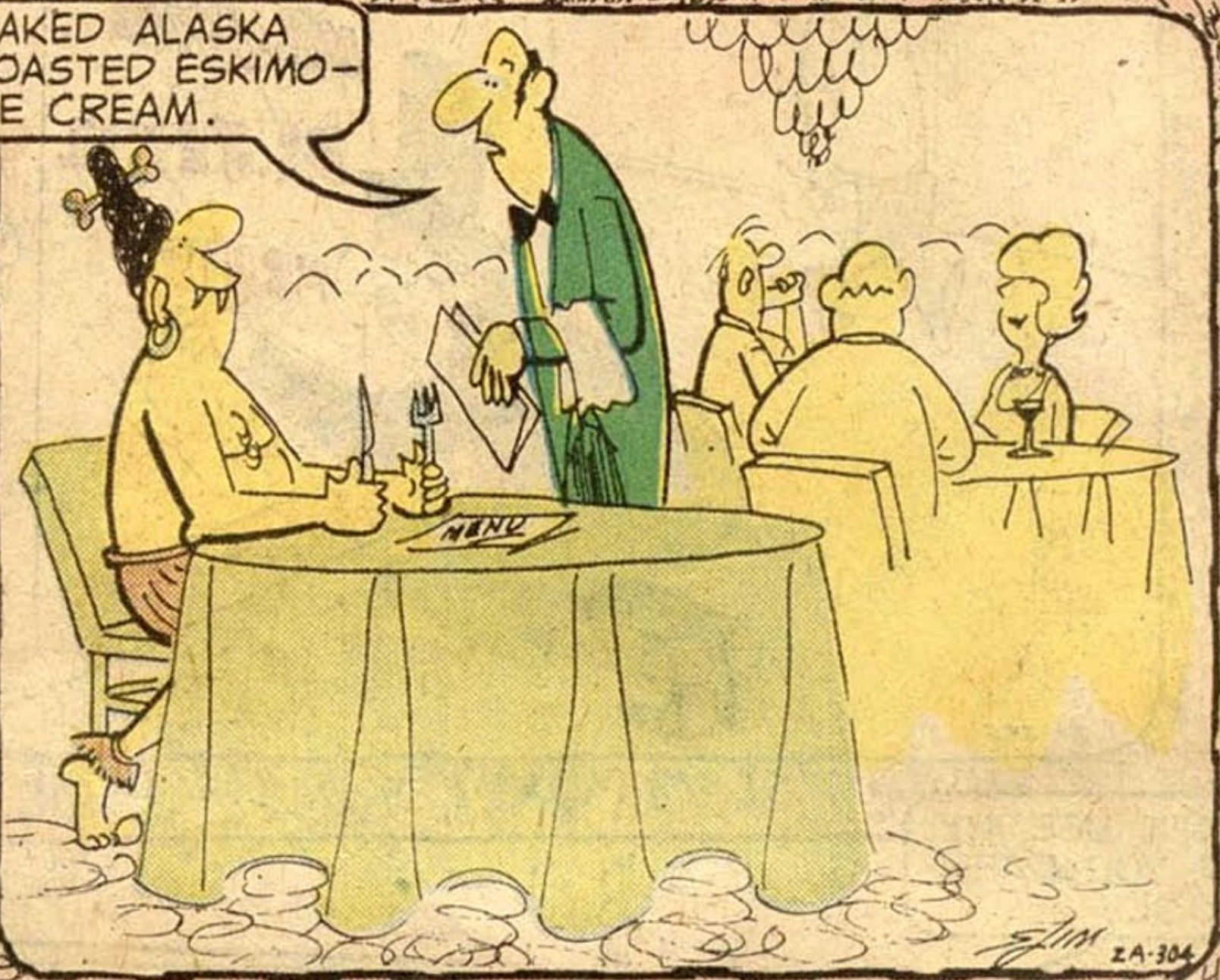
WELL, DEAR BEASTIES, MY ADVICE TO YOU IS WATCH YOUR GRASS OR YOU MIGHT END UP AS FERTILIZER. IN THE MEANTIME LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME...

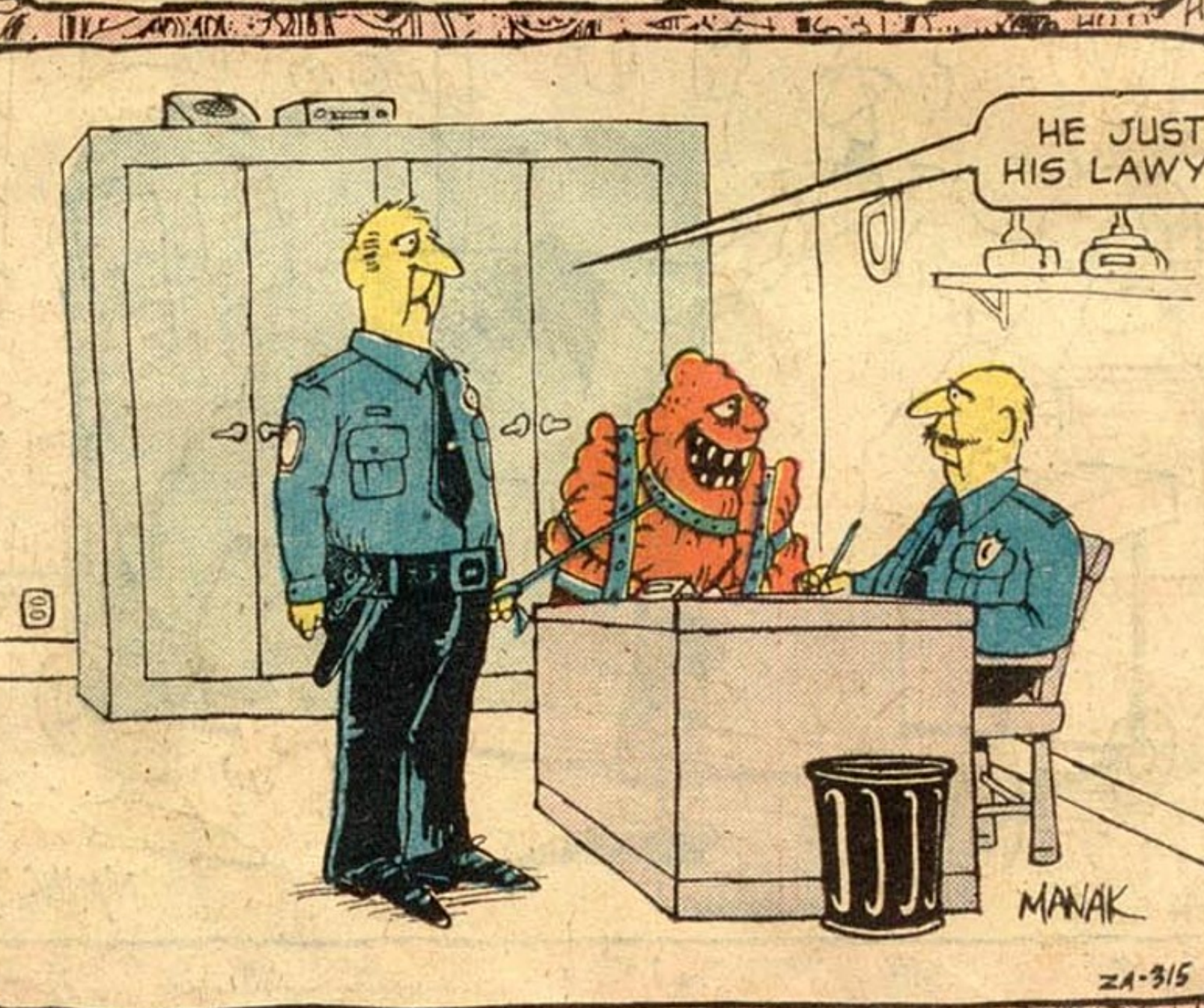
MONSTER PLOPS

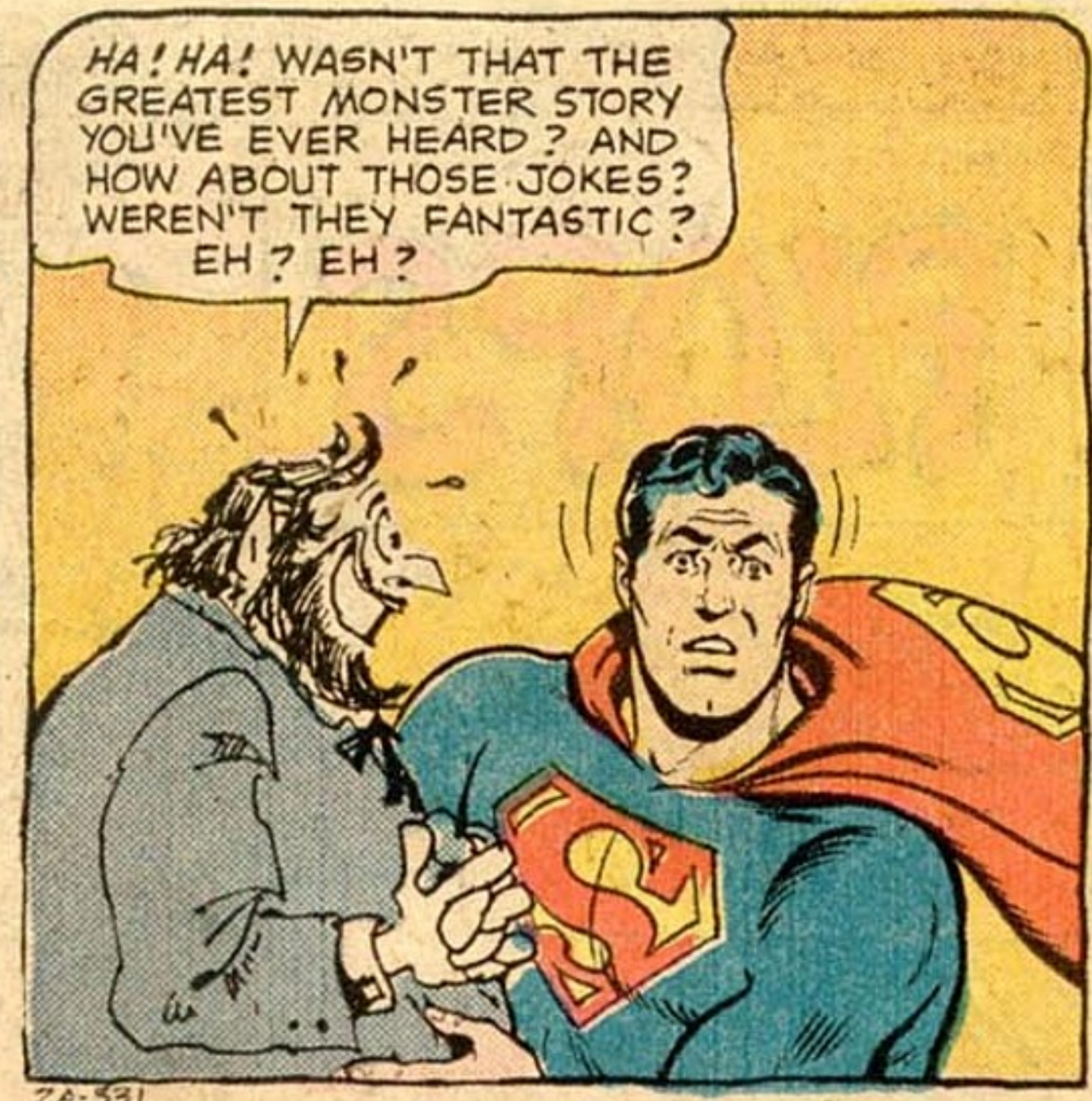

PLOP
HA..HA..HA
MEDICAL CENTER
DR. JEKYL
MR. HYDE
DR. JEKYL
MR. HYDE
DR. JEKYL
MR HYDE
ZA-285
WE CAN'T USE MY BRAIN, YOU DARN FOOL!
MANAK
ZA-286

HISTORY WILL REMEMBER US AS THE AGE OF UNDERSTANDING. EVERYBODY TO THEIR OWN TASTE, AND NO MATTER HOW PECULIAR, WE TRY TO UNDERSTAND. SO, HERE ARE SOME NEW RECIPES FOR...

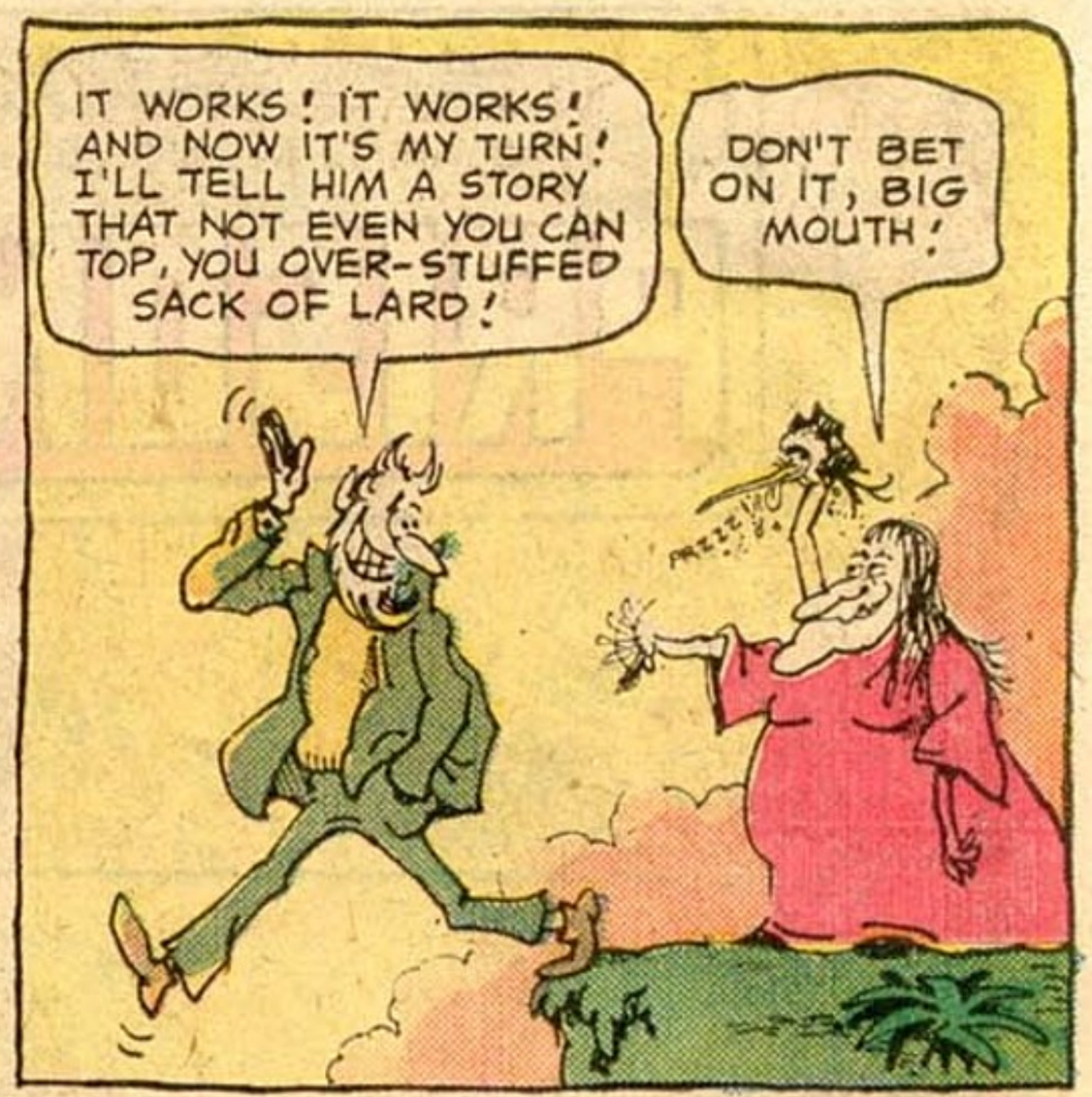
GOURMET PLOPS






HA! HA! WASN'T THAT THE GREATEST MONSTER STORY YOU'VE EVER HEARD? AND HOW ABOUT THOSE JOKES? WEREN'T THEY FANTASTIC? EH? EH?

ZA-531


IT WORKS! IT WORKS! AND NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'LL TELL HIM A STORY THAT NOT EVEN YOU CAN TOP, YOU OVER-STUFFED SACK OF LARD!
DON'T BET ON IT, BIG MOUTH!

LOOK HERE! IF THIS IS Y--
HELP!

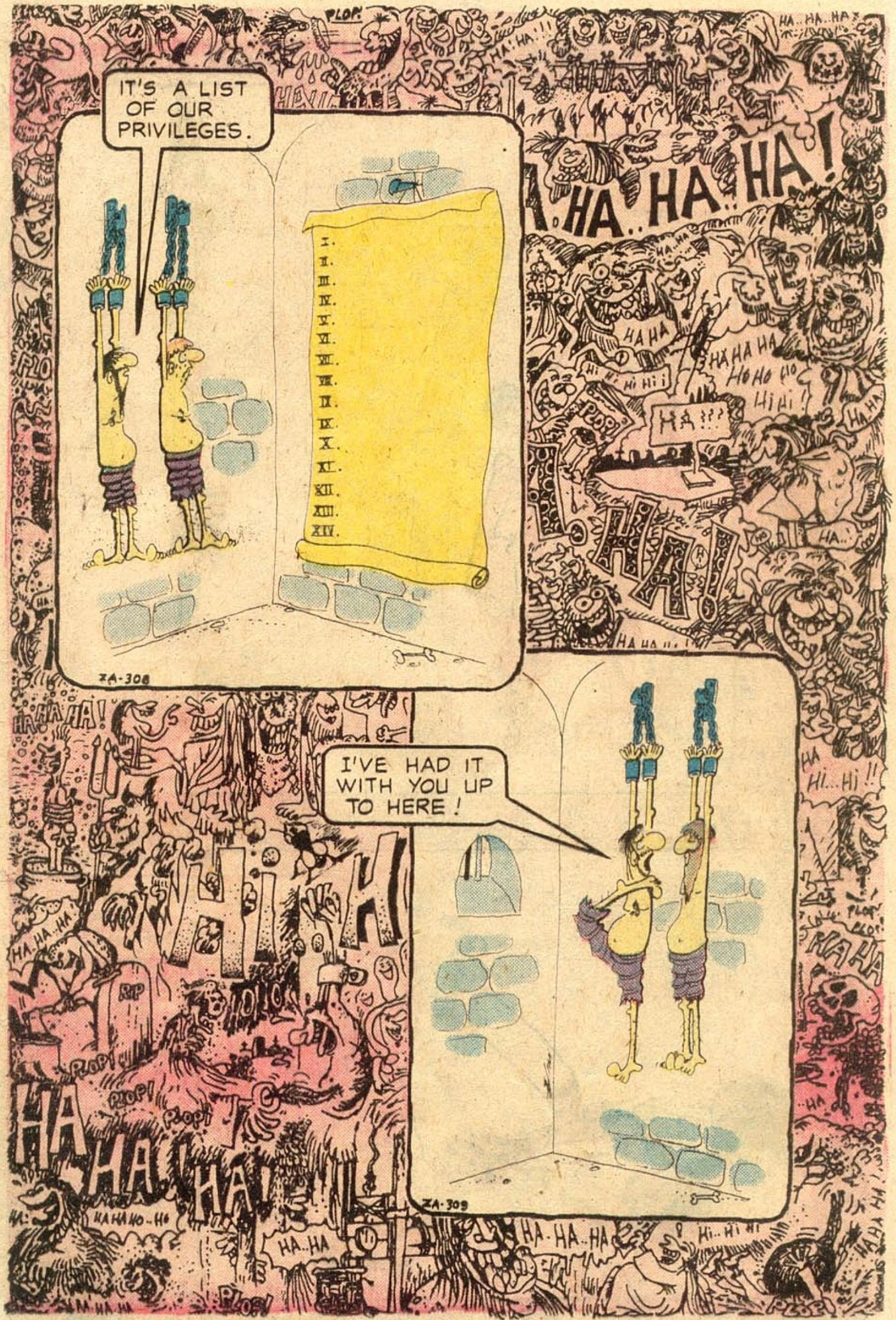
PLOP!

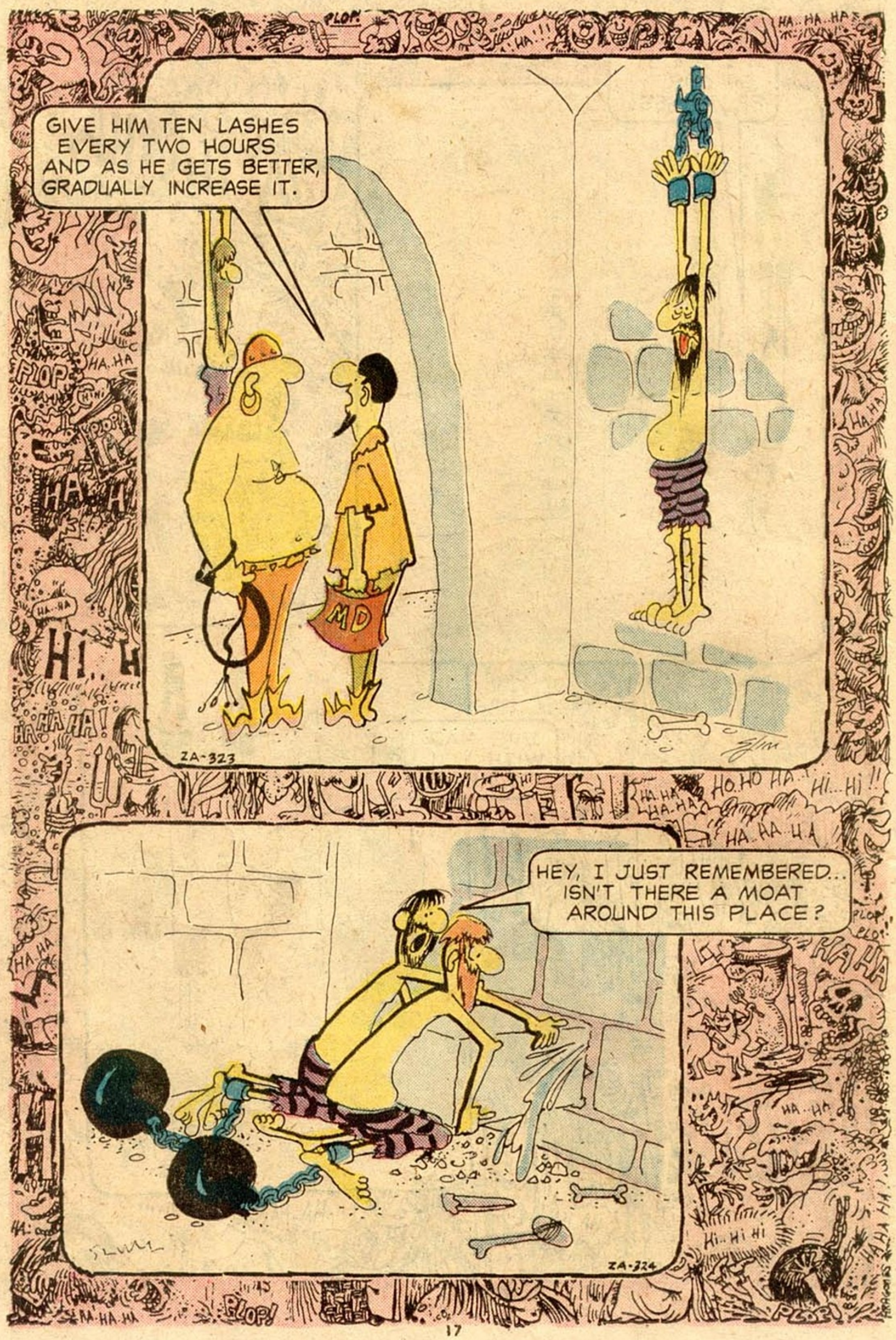
GOOD SHOW, SUPERMAN! THANKS FOR SAVING MY HIDE!
WELL!! ABEL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND THESE PARTS? GLAD TO SEE YOU! HEE... HEE...

BY THE WAY, SUPES, SINCE I'M HERE, ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU THE GREATEST STORY YOU'RE PROBABLY EVER GOING TO HEAR! IT'S A MONSTER STORY AND IT MAKES ABEL'S MONSTER STORY LOOK SICK, STUPID AND TOTALLY SILLY IN COMPARISON! TRULY, THIS IS A CLASSIC IN THE FIELD OF MODERN-DAY STORYTELLING!
LAYING IT ON A LITTLE THICK, AREN'T YOU, CAIN?

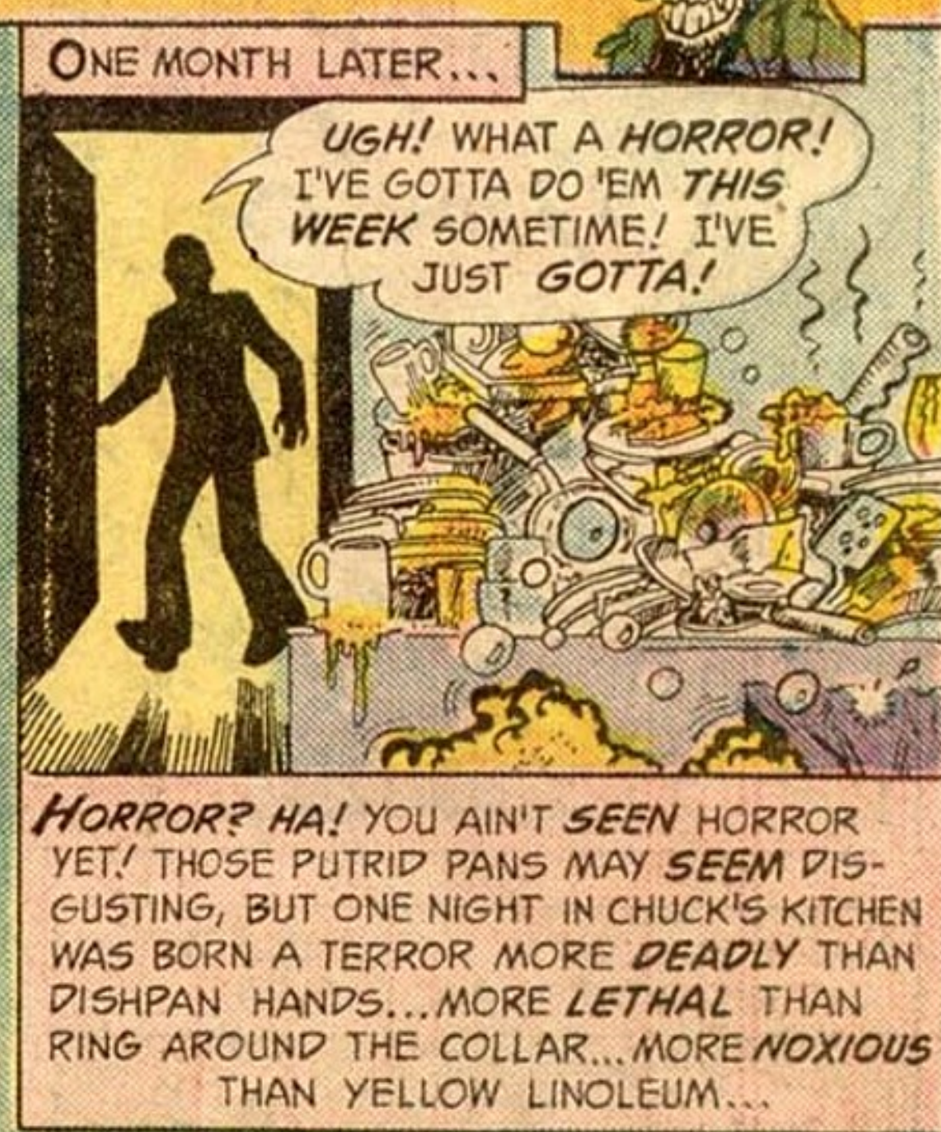
YOU SAY YOU'RE INNOCENT AND YOU WANT OUT? WELL, HERE ARE SOME QUICK ESCAPES FROM LIFE'S SLAMMER. OUR VERY OWN...

PRISON PLOPS


PLOP!
IT'S A LIST OF OUR PRIVILEGES.
I.
II.
III.
IV.
V.
VI.
VII.
VIII.
IX.
X.
XI.
XII.
XIII.
XIV.
ZA-308
HA..HA..HA!
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
HA???
HA..HA..HA
HA HA HA!
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU UP TO HERE!
HA HA HA
HA..HA..HA
HA..HA
HA..HA..HA
HI..HI HI
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
ZA-309


GIVE HIM TEN LASHES EVERY TWO HOURS AND AS HE GETS BETTER, GRADUALLY INCREASE IT.
MD
ZA-323
HEY, I JUST REMEMBERED... ISN'T THERE A MOAT AROUND THIS PLACE?
ZA-324

A FRIEND OF MINE, A VERY RESPONSIBLE YOUNG MAN, ALWAYS PAID HIS BILLS ON TIME, WASHED HIS SOCKS FREQUENTLY, AND WAS NEVER LATE FOR WORK. HOWEVER, LIKE MOST OF US, CHUCK STAKE HATED TO DO DISHES, SO HE LET THEM PILE UP... AND UP... AND UP...



HORROR? HA! YOU AIN'T *SEEN* HORROR YET! THOSE PUTRID PANS MAY *SEEM* DISGUSTING, BUT ONE NIGHT IN CHUCK'S KITCHEN WAS BORN A TERROR MORE *DEADLY* THAN DISHPAN HANDS... MORE *LETHAL* THAN RING AROUND THE COLLAR... MORE *NOXIOUS* THAN YELLOW LINOLEUM...

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SINK!!

SCRIPT: LEE MARRS-
DIALOGUE: STEVE SKEATES
ART: LEE MARRS-

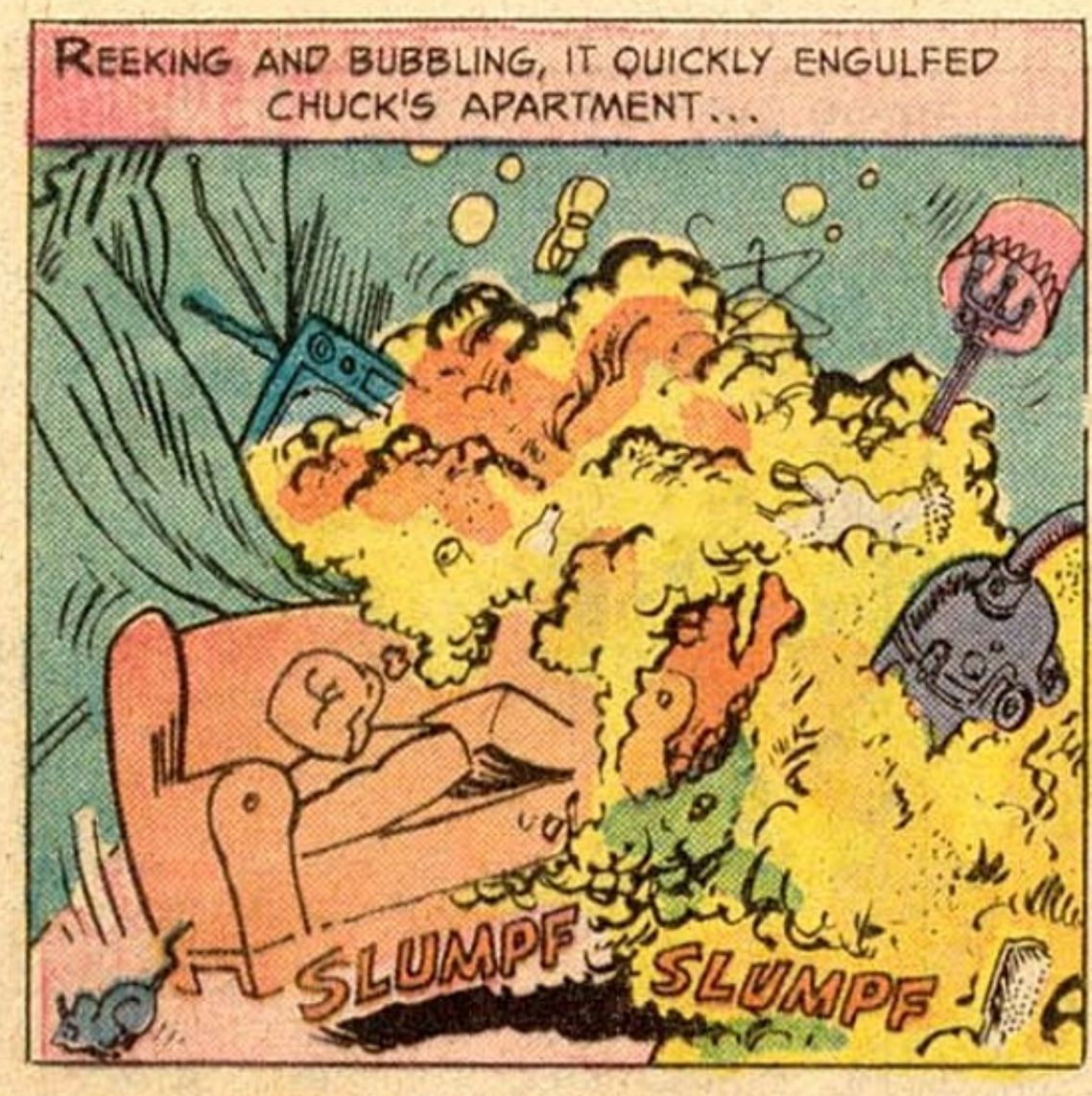
BURP

SLOSH

SLUMPF

AN ABOMINATION OF NATURE AND PETRIFIED GREASE, THE REEKING, SLITHERING MASS OF PULPY GARBAGE FLOPPED DOWN TO THE KITCHEN FLOOR, SAVAGELY CONSUMING ALL IN ITS PATH... MUNCH, CRUNCH, SNAP, CRACKLE AND PLOP...

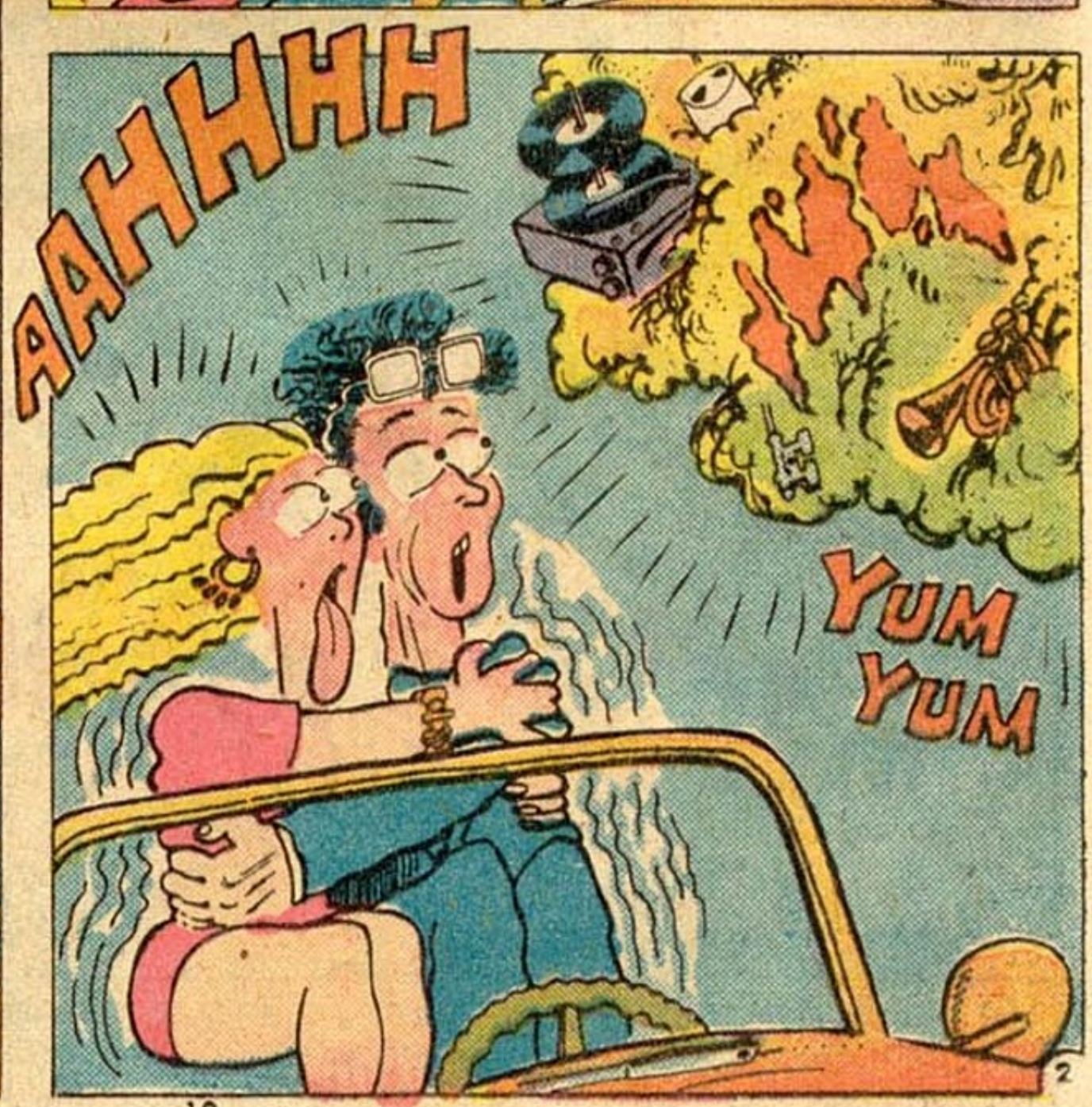
ZA 230


REEKING AND BUBBLING, IT QUICKLY ENGULFED CHUCK'S APARTMENT...
SLUMPF
SLUMPF

THEN, AFTER DINING ON THE FIFTH FLOOR, IT RESTED ON THE ROOF AND EYED THE NEXT BUILDING...
AH, YES, PERHAPS A MIDNIGHT SNACK IS IN ORDER!
SLOP
SLUMPF

AND IT WAS THEN THAT CHUCK HIMSELF ENTERED THE PICTURE...
HMM... TWO TASTY TALKING TIDBITS!!
HEY! COOL IT, CHUCK!
AW, C'MON, ALICE! COME UP FOR A NIGHTCAP! C'MON!
PANT PANT

PEE-YUU! IS THAT ROTTEN STINK YOUR AFTER-SHAVE?
SLUMPF
I DON'T WEAR AFTER-SHAVE!
MAYBE THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
SNIFF
SNIFF
A COUPLE OF HUMAN HORS D'OEUVRES! HEH HEH HEH!


AAHHHH
YUM YUM

BLOP SLOSH

NOOM

I'VE HEARD OF *POLLUTION*, BUT THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*

RATS! ANOTHER RENDEZVOUS *FOILED!* WHAT *IS* THAT THING, ANYWAY? A CREEPING HEAP OF GARBAGE WITH A *STEREO* SET STUCK IN ITS FACE!

HMMM... COME TO *THINK* OF IT, THAT STEREO LOOKED *FAMILIAR!*

SLOSH

HEY! HOLD IT! *STOP* THE CAR! *STOP* IT! THAT THING'S GOT MY *BONZAI MULTI-TRACK STEREO* CONSOLE! *MY* STEREO!

SCREECH!

YOU GO FOR HELP, MY DEAR... WHILE *I* KEEP THIS THING AT BAY...

POP

...MAINLY BECAUSE I WANNA GET MY *STEREO* BACK!

THUMP THUMP

OKAY, YOU CREEPING, LIVING, EATING HUNK OF GARBAGE, YOU'VE EATEN YOUR *LAST* STEREO! JUST *TRY* TO GET PAST ME AND I'LL...

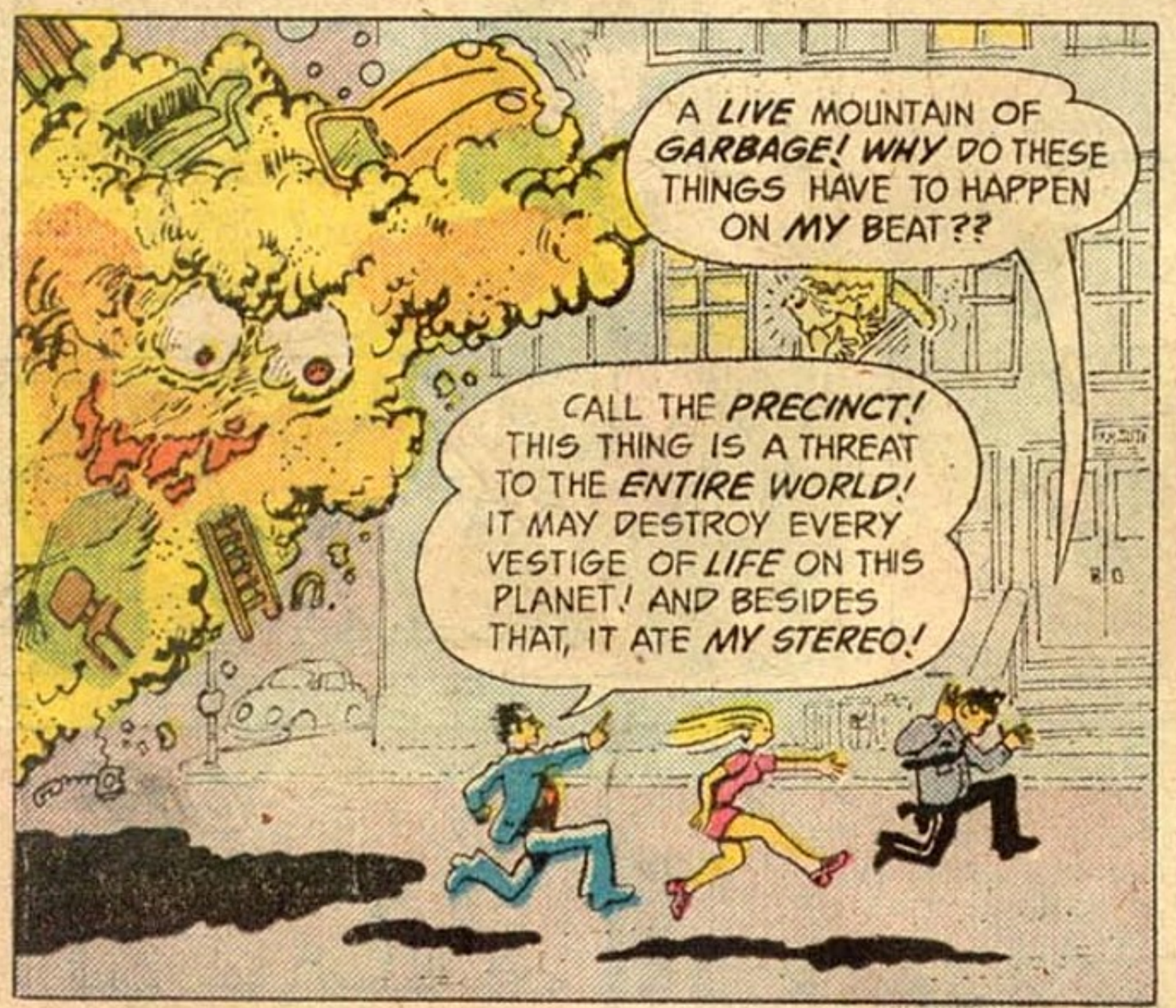
IT'S GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER! HERE I TAKE MY STAND: IT'S UP TO *ME* TO SAVE MANKIND FROM THIS MUNCHING MONSTER!

OOOPS

ZIP

MOMENTS LATER...
CHUCK, I FOUND A COP!
GEE, ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT GARBAGE?
OH YEAH, I'M JUST DOWN HERE SAVING CIVILIZATION!
GRUMBLE

THAT'S ABSURD! WHY... AAAAH!!
SLOSH!
IT ISN'T NONSENSE, OFFICER, BELIEVE ME! THIS THING IS EATING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!


A LIVE MOUNTAIN OF GARBAGE! WHY DO THESE THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN ON MY BEAT??
CALL THE PRECINCT! THIS THING IS A THREAT TO THE ENTIRE WORLD! IT MAY DESTROY EVERY VESTIGE OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET! AND BESIDES THAT, IT ATE MY STEREO!

AND SO...
IF YOU MUST KNOW, OPERATOR! IT'S BOTH! I AM THE POLICE AND I WANT THE POLICE! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! SO, CUT THE QUESTIONS AND GET ME HEADQUARTERS!

LOOK, CHIEF--THERE'S A THROBBING, LIVE HUNK OF GARBAGE EATING 28TH STREET, AND...

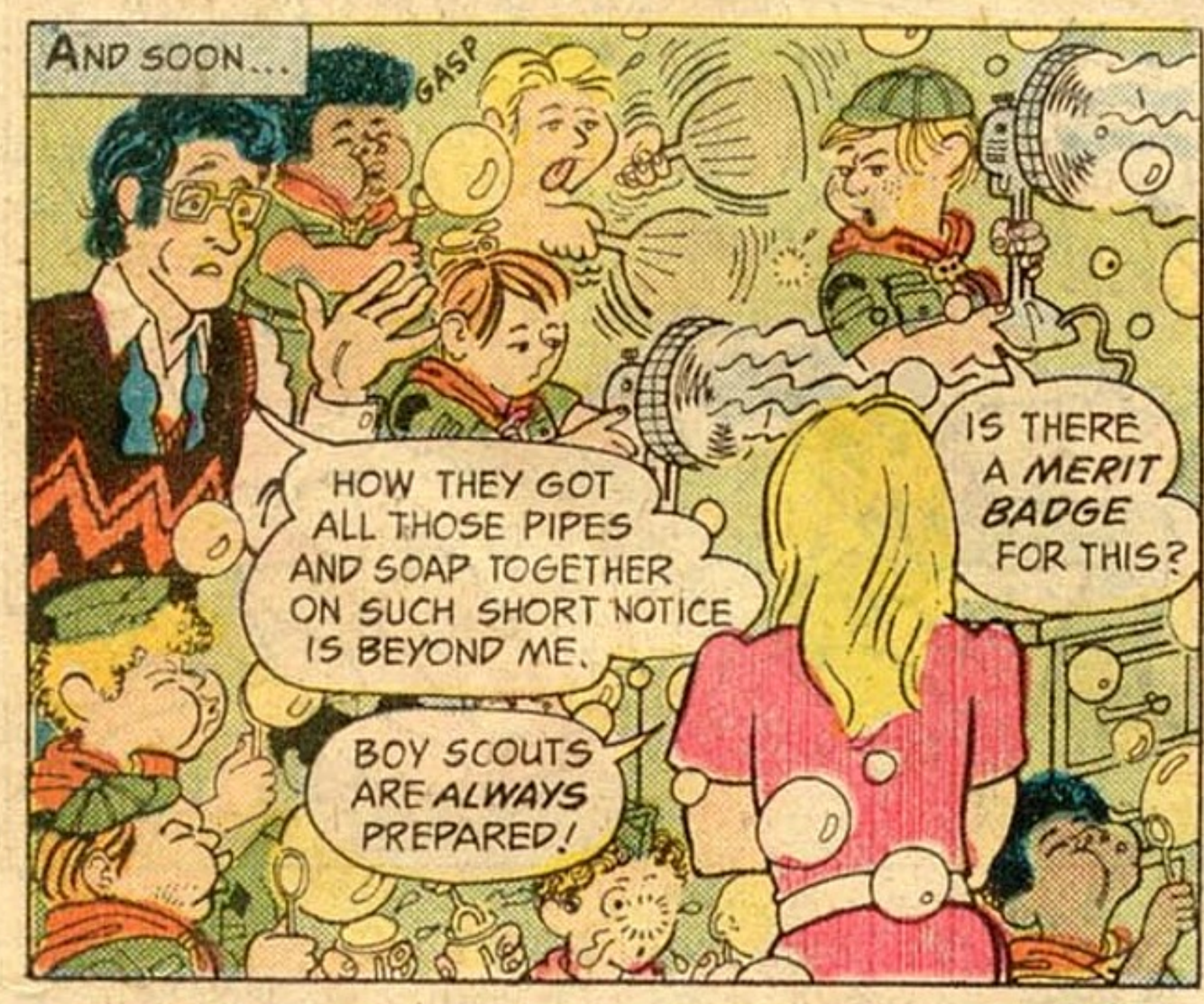
CASSIDY, WE ARE WELL AWARE OF THE URBAN TRASH CRISIS! I KNOW REFUSE PICK-UPS ARE SLOW! BUT THIS CHILDISH EXAGGERATION IS...

BUT, CHIEF... BUT... BUT...
TOO BAD THE COMICS CODE WON'T LET ME EAT PEOPLE! THAT GROUP THERE SURE LOOKS TASTY!

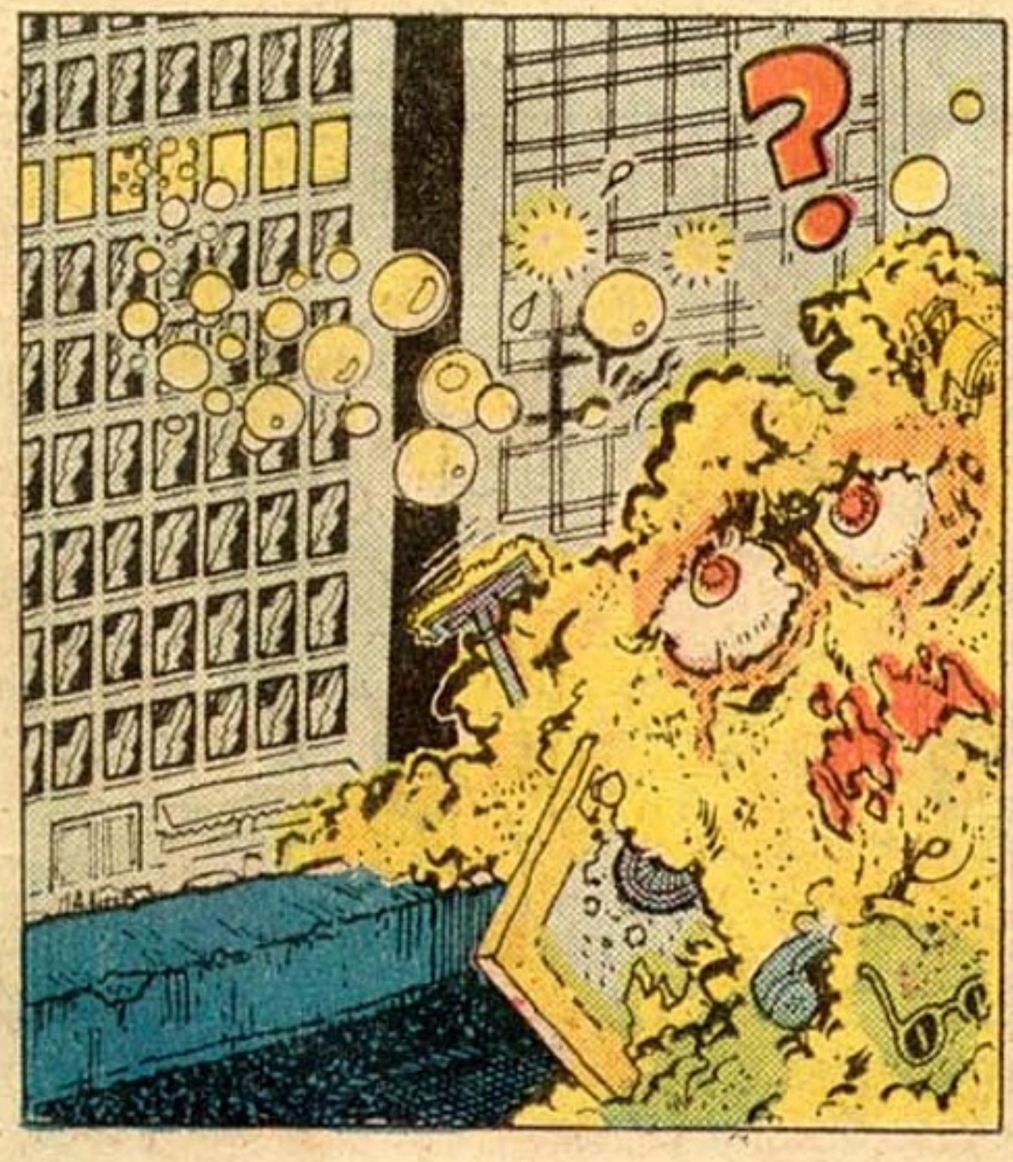
YES SIR! I'LL REPORT TO THE PSYCHIATRIST!
CHUCK, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

LISTEN, CHUCK--MY OFFICE, TWO-FINGER TYPISTS, IS RIGHT OVER THERE, ACROSS THE STREET! IF YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO LURE IT THERE, THEN WE CAN... MUMBLE, MUMBLE, PSST...

THEREFORE, WITHIN A FEW SHORT SECONDS...
LOOK, FELLAS, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! THE SITUATION'S DESPERATE!


AND SOON...
GASP
HOW THEY GOT ALL THOSE PIPES AND SOAP TOGETHER ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE IS BEYOND ME.
IS THERE A MERIT BADGE FOR THIS?
BOY SCOUTS ARE ALWAYS PREPARED!

BUBBLES ARE BOUND TO LURE IT HERE! THEY LOOK JUST LIKE THE TRAIL THAT THING LEAVES BEHIND ITSELF! IT'LL THINK THERE'S ANOTHER OF ITS OWN KIND UP HERE!
AND EVERYTHING WANTS A MATE, RIGHT? RIGHT!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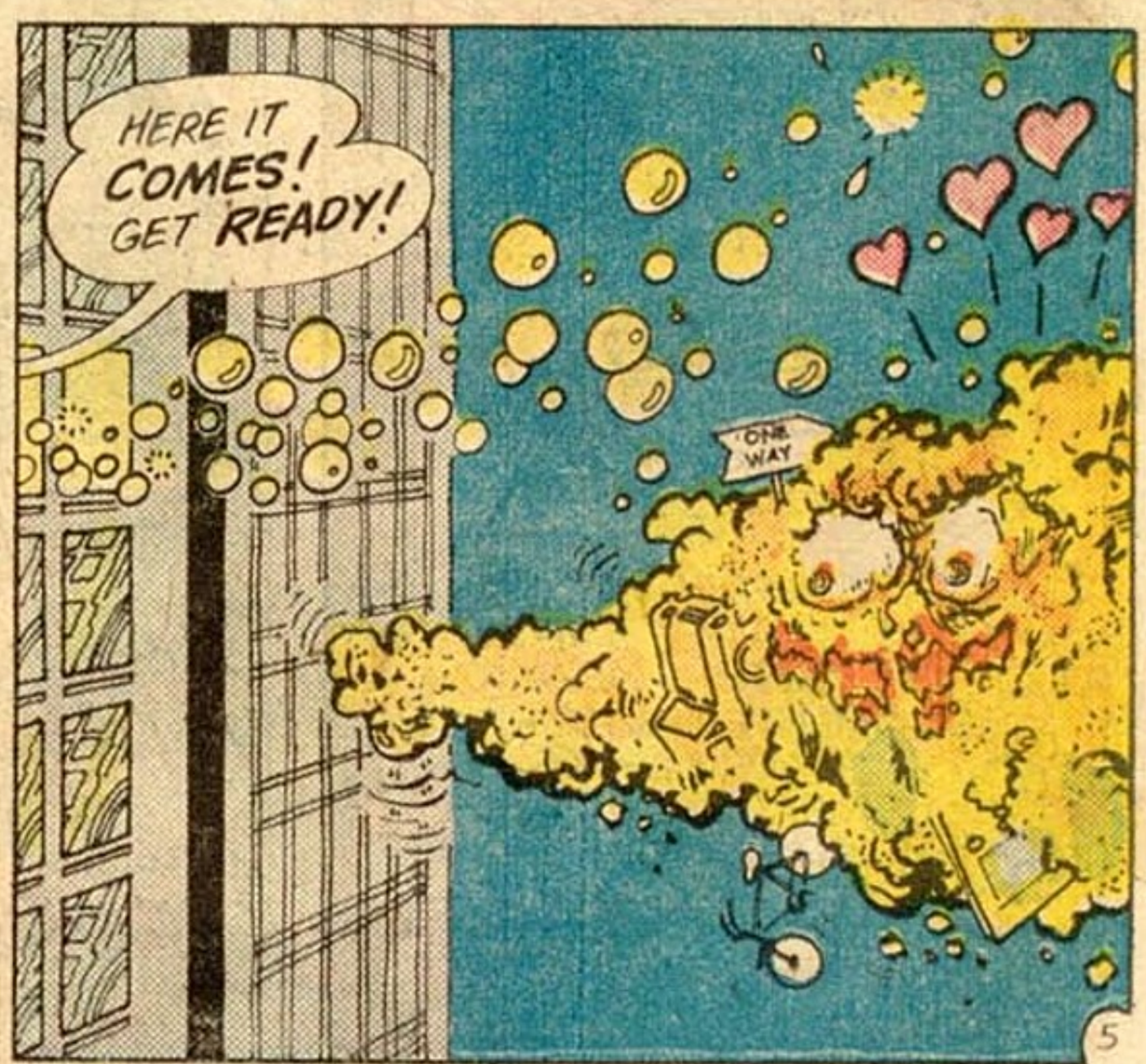
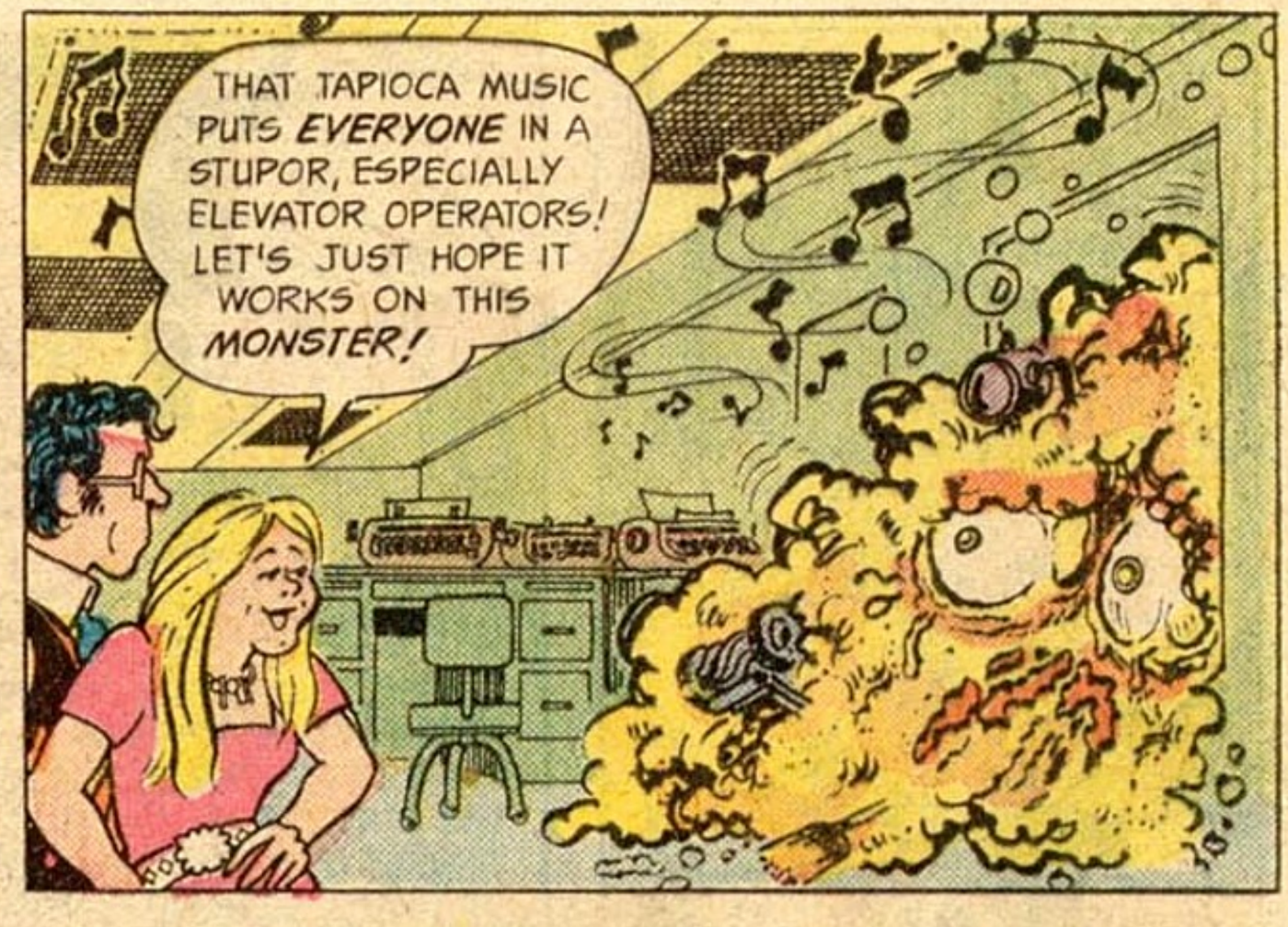
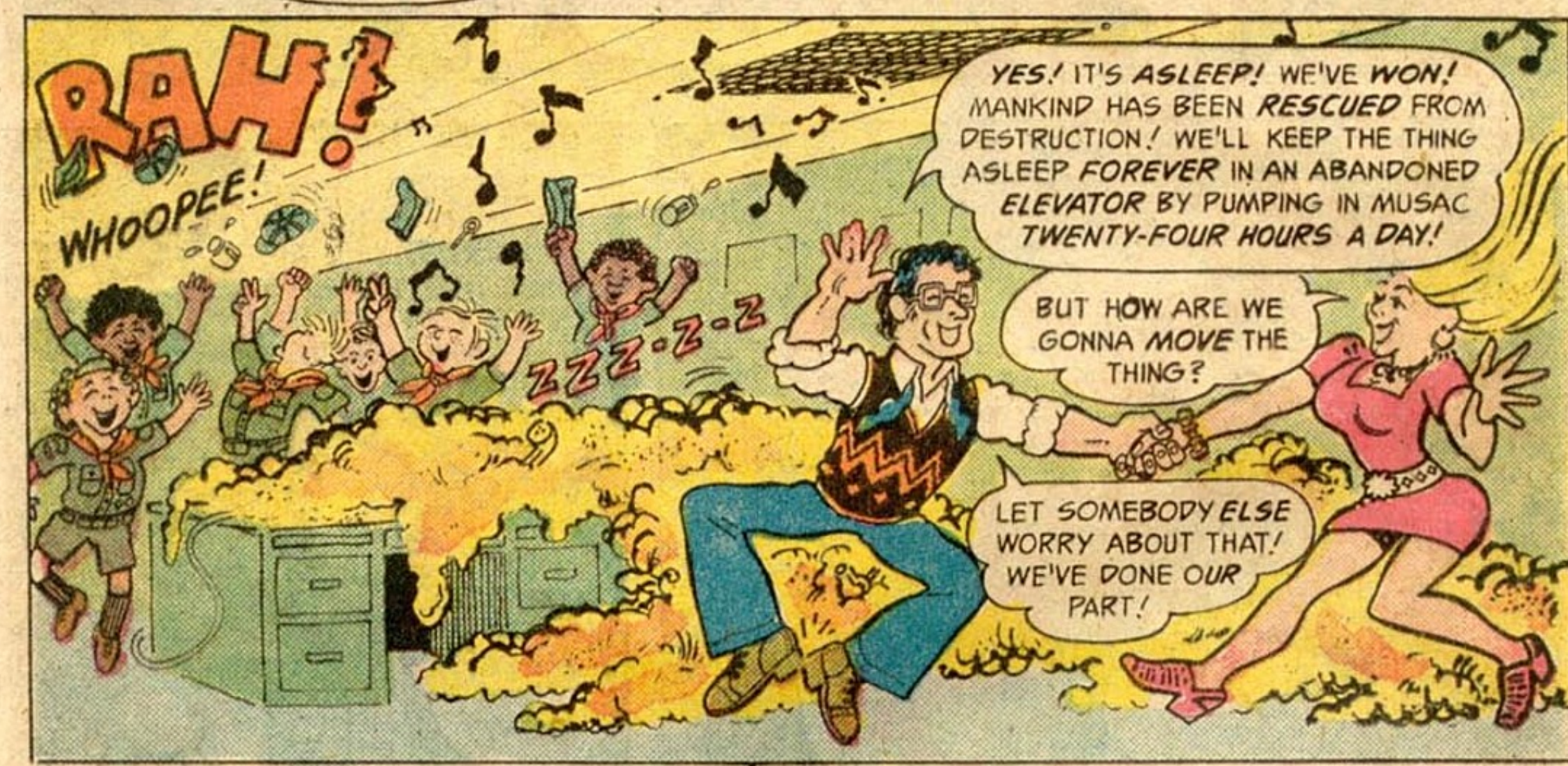
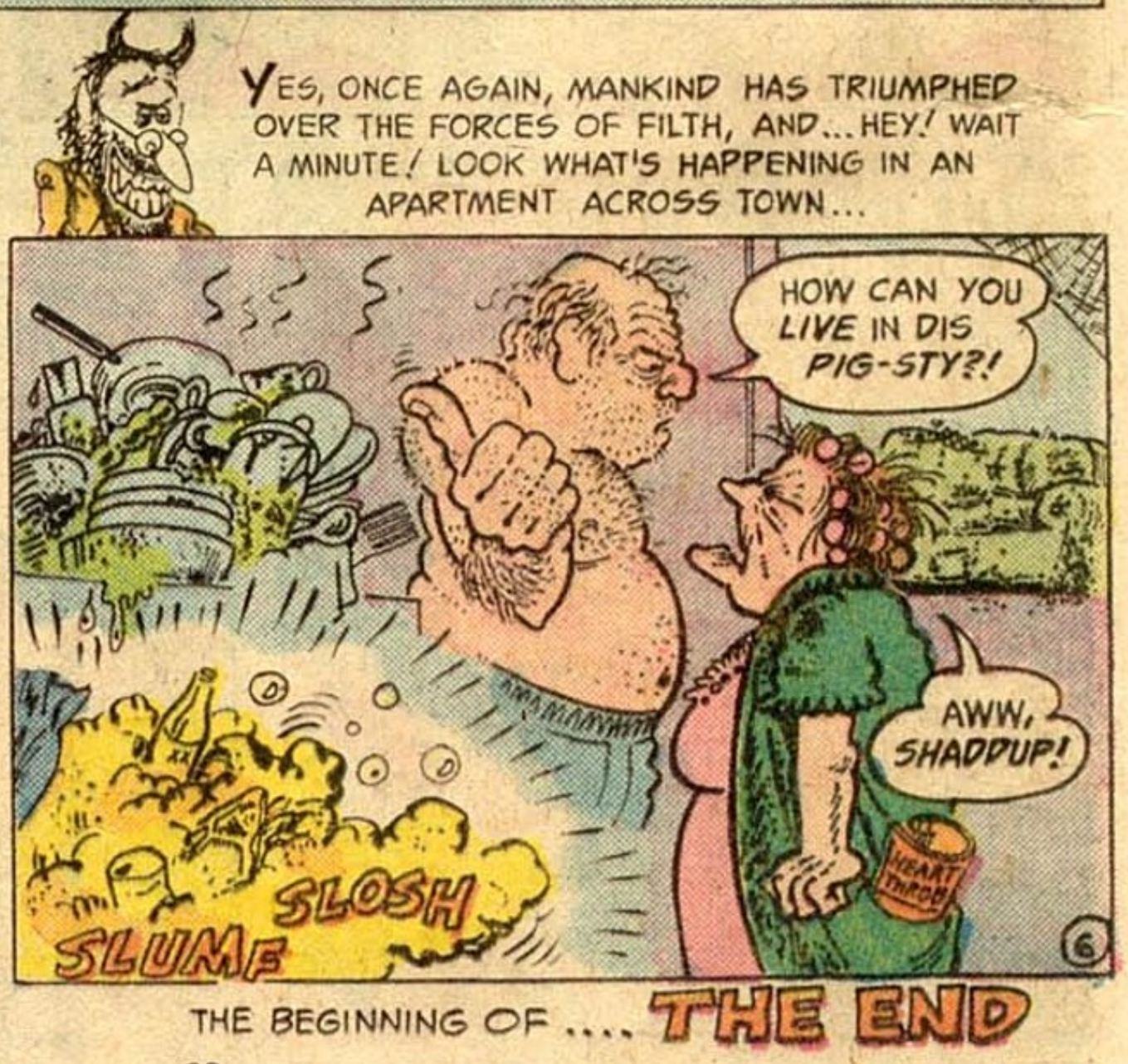

HERE IT COMES! GET READY!
ONE WAY



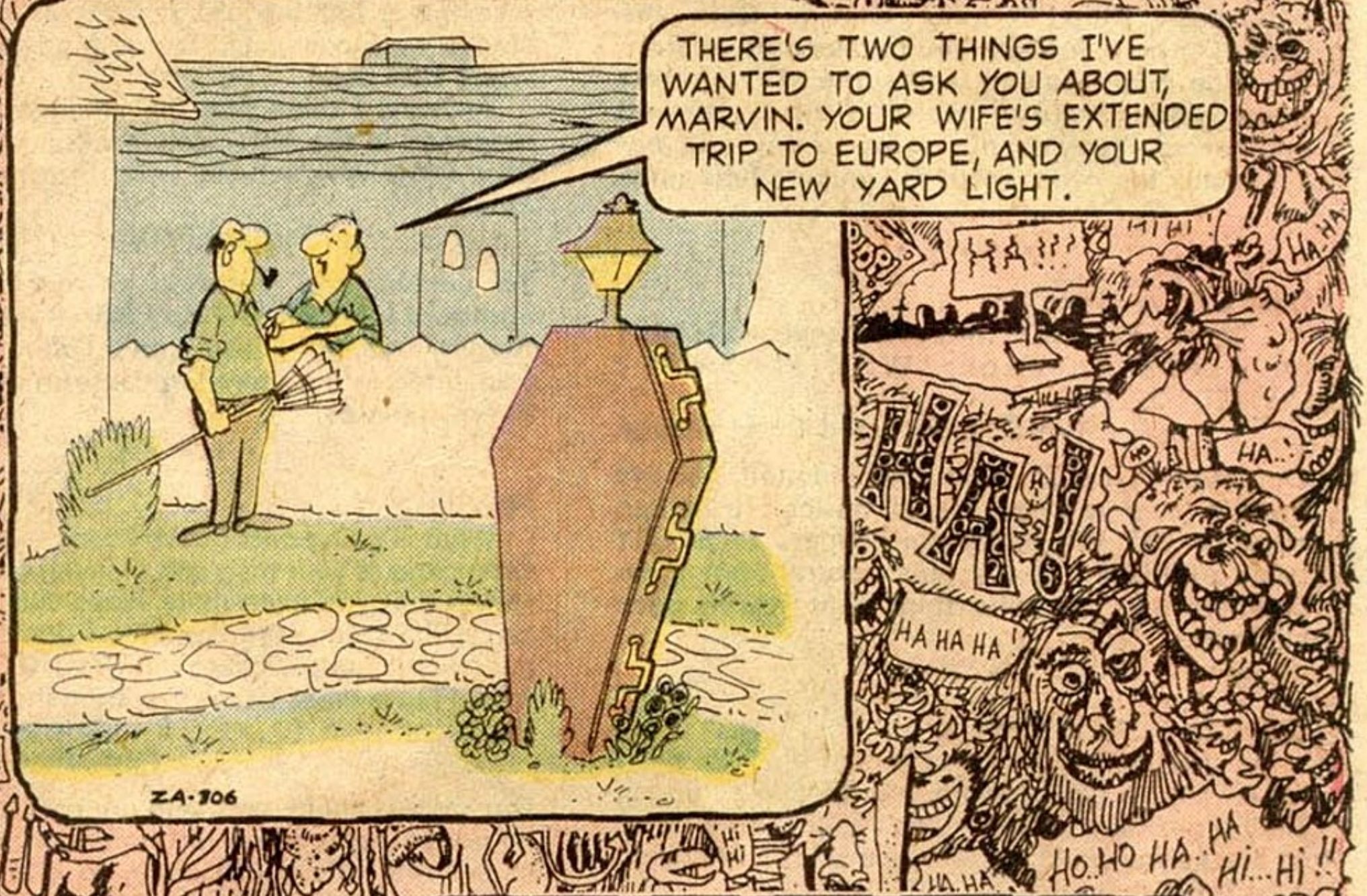


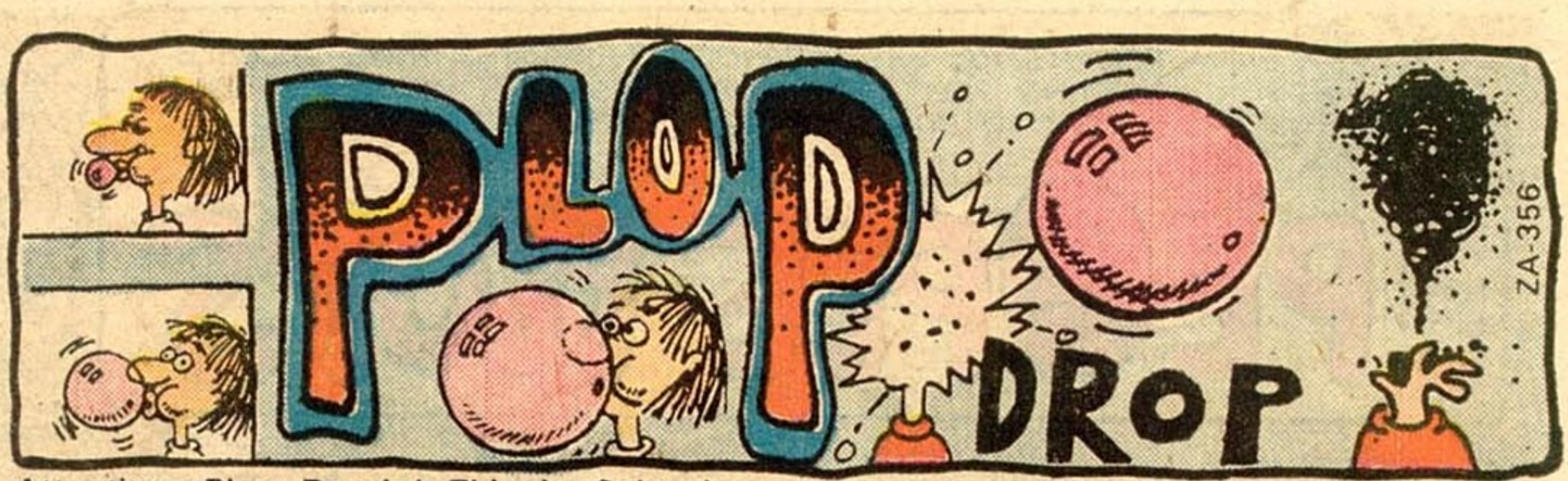


THE BEGINNING OF .... THE END

FOR ALL YOU SHY ONES OUT THERE WHO HAVE TROUBLE MEETING PEOPLE, *PLOP* HELPS OUT, AND GIVES YOU A PEEK AT SOME OF YOUR NICER NEIGHBORS ...

PEOPLE PLOPS





Attention, Plop People! This is Cain the caretaker here, inviting you to take a break from the Plop madness and read some of the letters from your fellow pleased and peeved purchasers. They've got a lot to say and occasionally it's even worth reading, so here goes.

• • • • •

Dear Cain & Associates,

I loved your **PLOP** monster convention, but I have one question: WHY WASN'T I INVITED???????

Tim Streeter, Hood River, Oregon

Dummy—of course you were invited. Wasn't there a "see you next issue" notice on the last page of #3? We invite our readers to EVERY issue of PLOP . . . it's only natural-born gate-crashers like you who think that you've been slighted.

• • • • •

Dear Mr. N. Nostrildamus,

As you were the "cover thing" on Plop #4, I would like to congratulate you and your creator, Basil Wolverton. It is really too bad that a character as fine as you could not rate an inside story in such a fantastic magazine.

Please advise Mr. Cain that in the future anyone that is on the cover must have a full biography with pictures.

Scott Webb, Address Unknown

Mr. Webb will please note that his preemptory demand has been forwarded to Mr. Wolverton, and if he is willing to comply, we will only be too happy to.

• • • • •

Dearest Plop,

1. Plop hit the spot (and it hurt!)
2. Are you nuts?

Mark Simmet, New Ulm, Minnesota

1. Good, glad we didn't miss. 2. Yes.

• • • • •

Dear Superplop,

Plop is the most nauseating and stupid comic I ever read. By some strange coincidence it is also the most funny and revolutionary comic idea since Superman.

We want more Plop!!!

Un-Mop McCartney, Address Unknown

• • • • •

Dear Gang,

Plop #4 was great. All the stories and cartoons were great but the best thing was the way the stories were connected by the Monster Con. Who wrote that part?

Anyway, I think that the funniest thing in the magazine is the letter column (Imagine all those poor idiots who actually write to a magazine like Plop.).

Richard Petkiewicz, Phoenix, Ariz.

To answer the question of our latest self-admitted idiot, all of Plop's intros are plotted by Sergio and our grand guru, Orlando, and are translated into a more logical form of English by Steve Skeates.

• • • • •

Plop,

What is going on!? I have been reading the Plop Drop page of your mag and many of the letters are saying that you need more Plops and less stories, cause the stories are crummy. I don't care if you add more stories, 'cause they're NOT crummy. I think Plop is great just as it is, from the first issue to the latest.

Chris Harper, Jax., Fla.

Our writers thank you, and our cartoonists (who no doubt wrote those letters under pseudonyms in the first place) are going to offer you a job modeling for Post-Mortem Plops.

• • • • •

Dear Plop,

I detested the front and back covers and pages #1-34 of your new issue.

The rest of the comic was well worth the money I paid for it.

Edmund Pribitkin, Address Unknown

Whattya know, we've got a staple collector in our midst!

• • • • •

Dear Cain, Abel, and Eve,

Four days and seven hours ago, our idols brought forth onto this medium, a new comic, conceived in humor and dedicated to the PLOPosition that there's a sucker born every minute.

Now we are engaged in a great meat shortage, testing whether this hellhole, so conceived and deranged, can long endure. We are met on the battlefield of this great disaster and we can firmly declare that **PLOP** is handling this situation and we salute you. It is altogether fitting and PLOPer that we do so.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this magazine. The insane men, living, and for the better

part, dead, who have struggled for it, have consecrated it, far above our poor power—and they have the temerity to put their name on their works. The world will little note nor long remember this garbage, but it can never forget how this magazine has disgraced the DC line. It is for us, the sane few, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work to have the PLOP crew committed, slapped in prison, and have the key destroyed. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from this magazine we take increased devotion to that cause for which Nat'l has put before us—that the insane PLOPPERS shall not have given us their insanity in vain, that this nation, under Carmine Infantino, shall have a new birth of sanity—and a relieved conscience of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from their sanity.

Clint Thomas, Oak Hill, West Virginia

• • • • •

Dear Plop,

I really enjoyed the monster convention. Thanks for inviting me.

This guy Orlando . . . who or what is he? Nobody tells me anything!

Gronk McDougall, Winifred Heights, Texas

Orlando is the crazy guy from whose imagination sprung The House of Mystery, The House of Secrets, and many of National's other weird ideas during the past seven or eight years. He masquerades as our editor, but his important work is as our spiritual and creative guru.

Dear Plopper,

I loved your fourth edition of Plop. Even though Cain and Abel were stupid, Eve was the highlight of the whole show! To me, Eve is the coolest cat that I've seen yet. Did you notice that they didn't throw anything at her because of her beauty? She is glamorous and charming.

B.B. Brown, Washington, D.C.

Now if you had said that about me, I might have liked your letter enough to give you a nice answer. But since you complimented that old hag, all you get is a PHOOEY!

• • • • •

Dear Plop,

Is there **ANYWHERE** that I can get copies of your first few issues?

Mike Smith, Port Hueneme, Calif.

We're sorry, but we don't know of any source that has any sizeable number of copies of the early PLOP magazines, least of all us. We just have the one or two in our files. However, if you want to avoid missing any more issues, use the subscription coupon below . . . [After that, send us your comments on this issue. Our address is: PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.]

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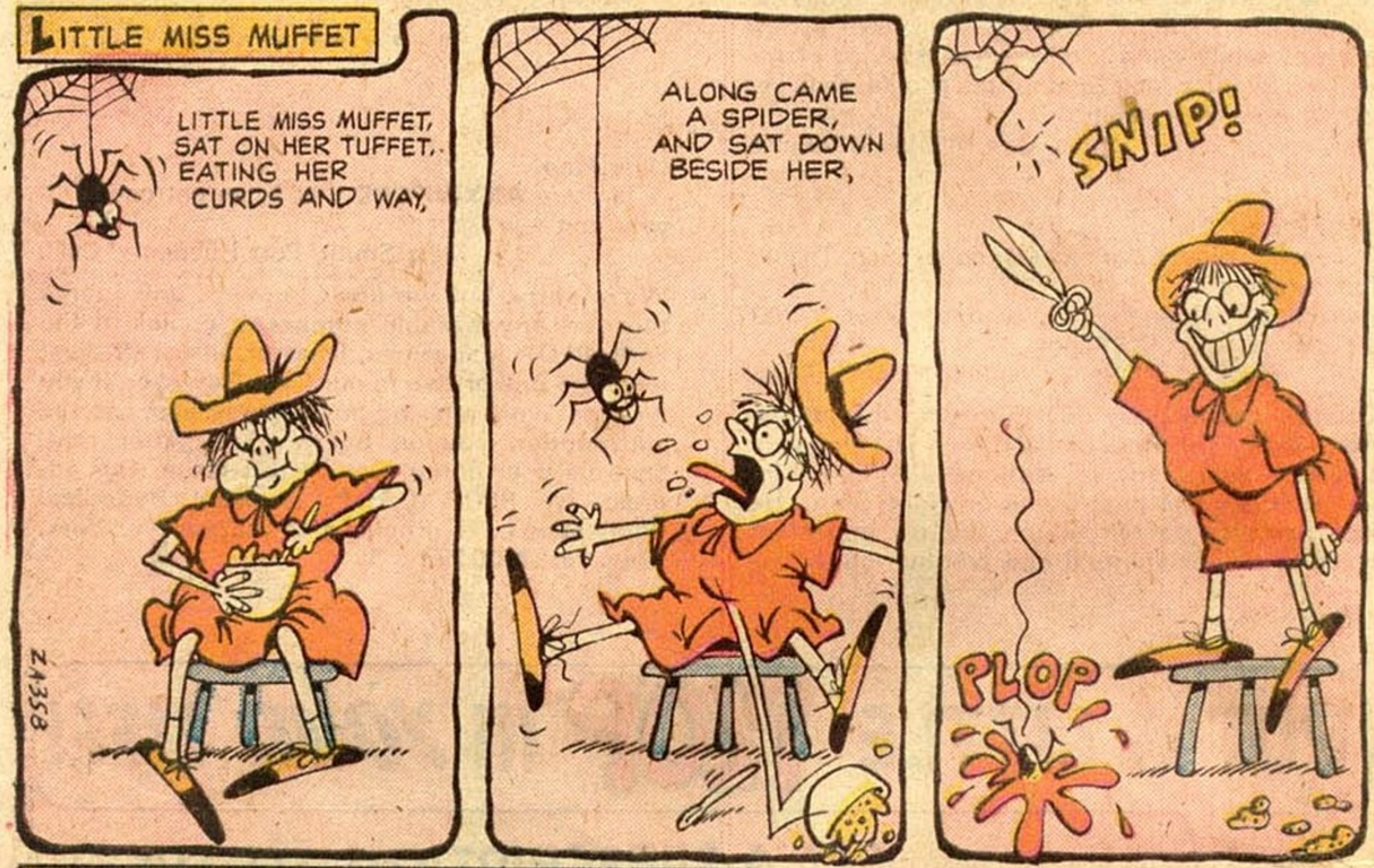
ALLOW 10 WEEKS FOR FIRST DELIVERY!

YOUR TURN NOW, CREEPY KIDDIES! HERE'S SOME OF YOUR FELLOW PLOPPERS' GAGS -- OUR VERY OWN...

READERS' PLOPS

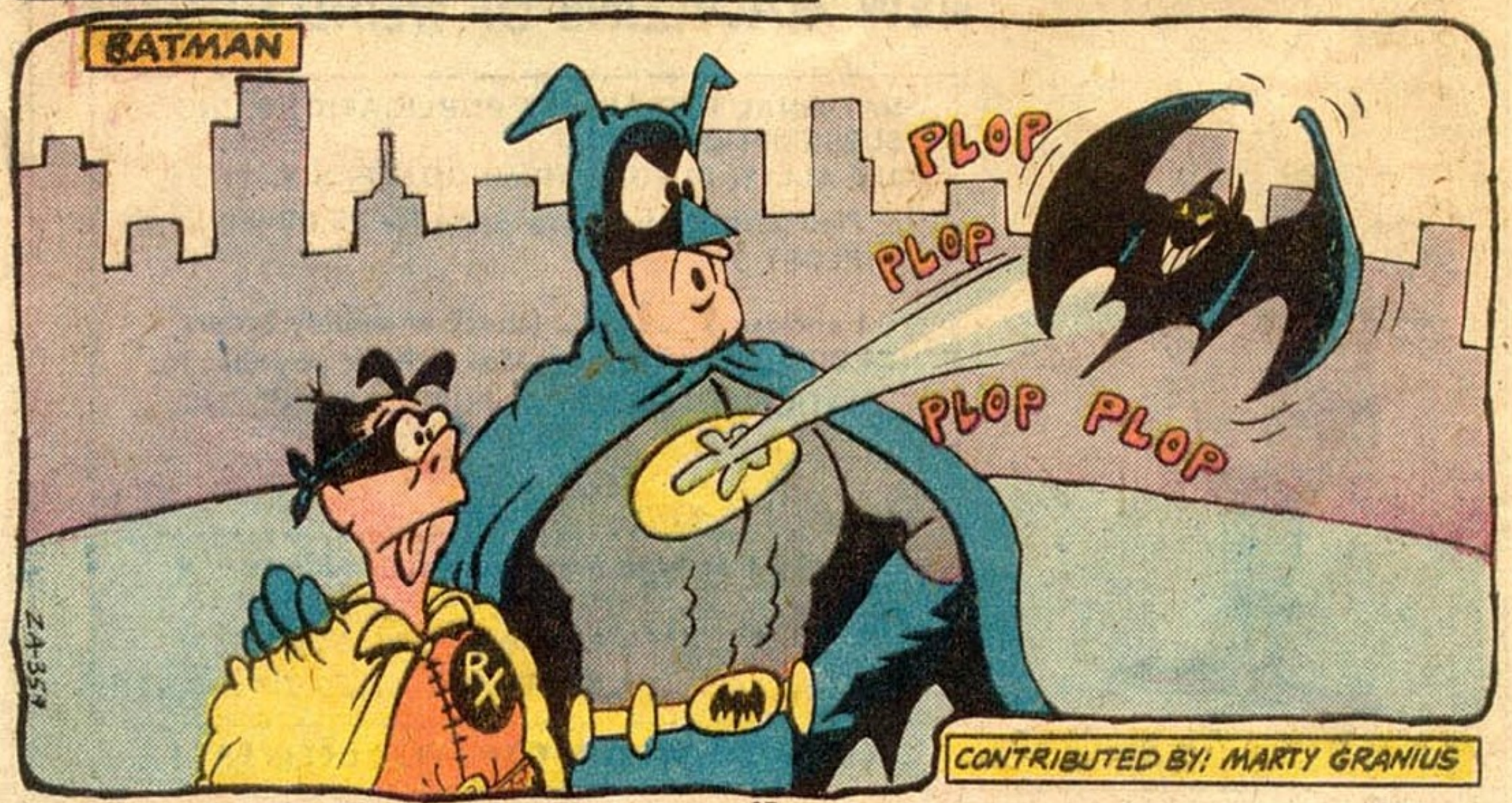
REDRAWN BY: DAVID MANAK

LITTLE MISS MUFFET



CONTRIBUTED BY: ROB ZAMSKY - OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

BATMAN



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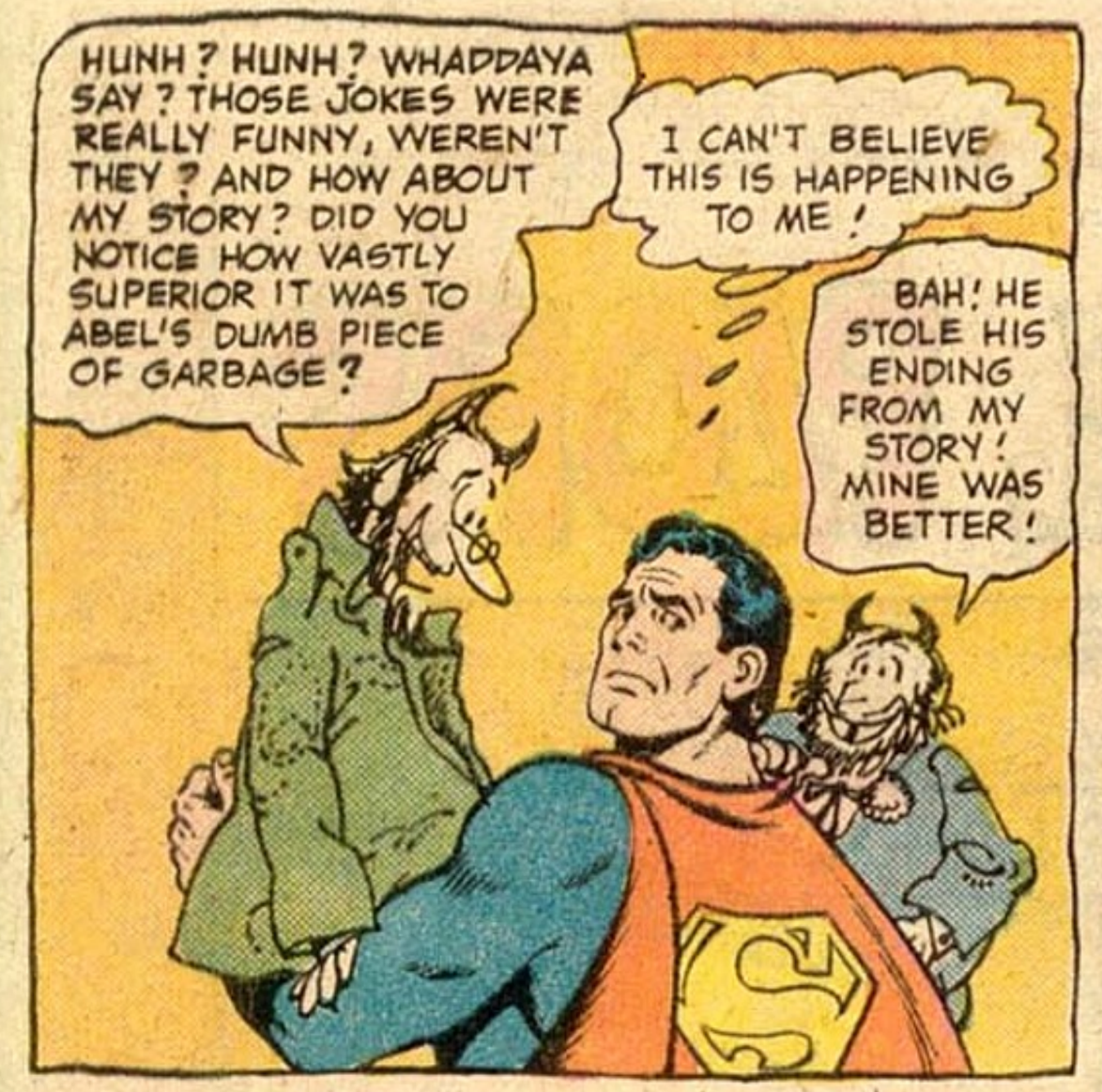
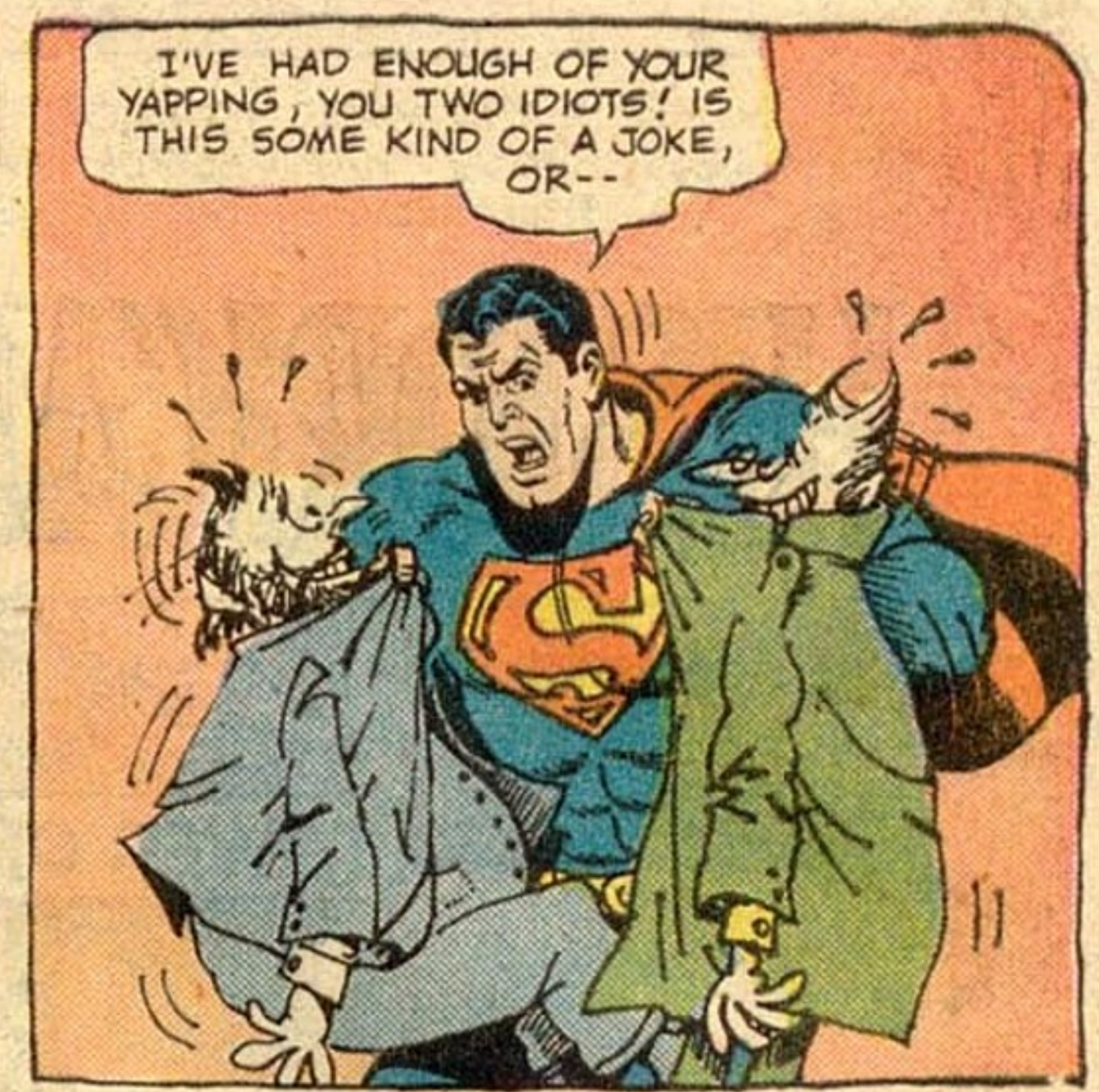
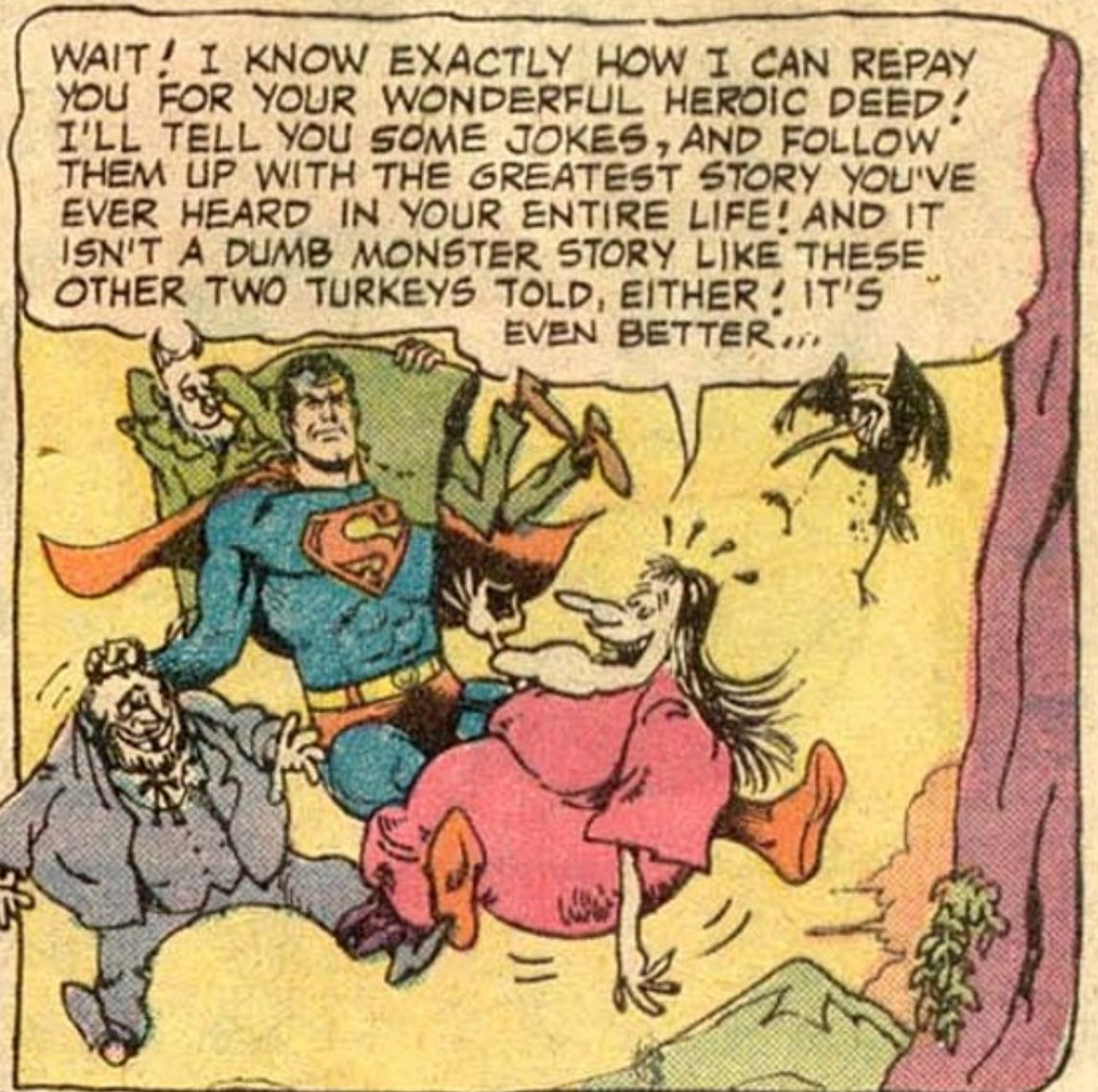

HUNH? HUNH? WHADDAYA SAY? THOSE JOKES WERE REALLY FUNNY, WEREN'T THEY? AND HOW ABOUT MY STORY? DID YOU NOTICE HOW VASTLY SUPERIOR IT WAS TO ABEL'S DUMB PIECE OF GARBAGE?
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME!
BAH! HE STOLE HIS ENDING FROM MY STORY! MINE WAS BETTER!


I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR YAPPING, YOU TWO IDIOTS! IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE, OR--

HELP!

SLAP!

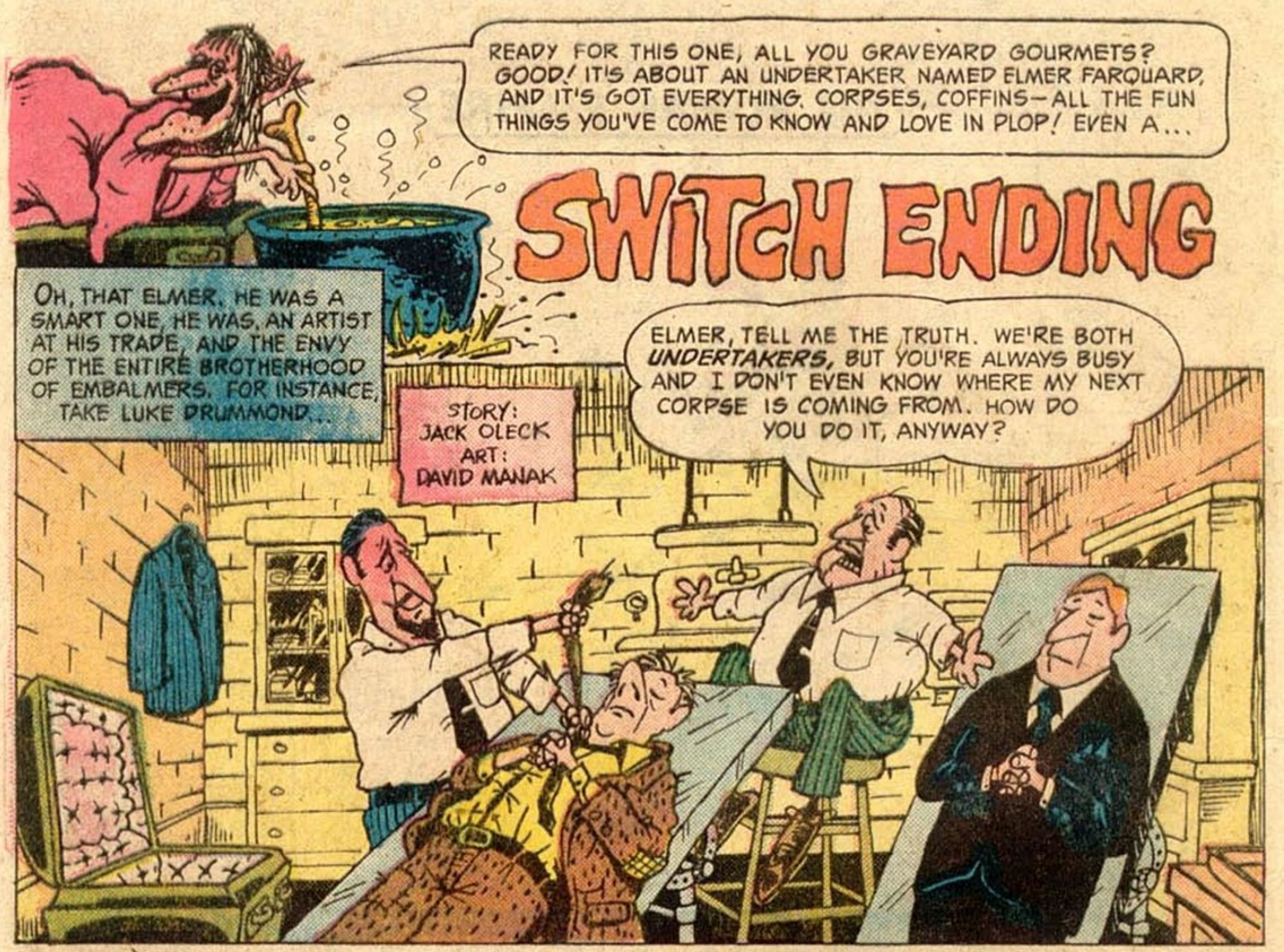
YOU SAVED ME! YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF HERO, YOU! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
WOW! AND I THOUGHT CAIN WAS LAYING IT ON THICK!


WAIT! I KNOW EXACTLY HOW I CAN REPAY YOU FOR YOUR WONDERFUL HEROIC DEED! I'LL TELL YOU SOME JOKES, AND FOLLOW THEM UP WITH THE GREATEST STORY YOU'VE EVER HEARD IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE! AND IT ISN'T A DUMB MONSTER STORY LIKE THESE OTHER TWO TURKEYS TOLD, EITHER! IT'S EVEN BETTER...

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE FUTURE, STUDY THE PAST. TO PROVE THAT PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN REREATING THEMSELVES, WE BRING YOU...
HISTORICAL PLOPS
TOWER OF LONDON
TOUCHING, ISN'T IT... AN OLD MAN AND HIS MEMORIES.
TED ROBINS
ZA-350

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

DAVID AND GOLIATH


READY FOR THIS ONE, ALL YOU GRAVEYARD GOURMETS? GOOD! IT'S ABOUT AN UNDERTAKER NAMED ELMER FARQUARD, AND IT'S GOT EVERYTHING, CORPSES, COFFINS—ALL THE FUN THINGS YOU'VE COME TO KNOW AND LOVE IN PLOP! EVEN A...
SWITCH ENDING
OH, THAT ELMER, HE WAS A SMART ONE, HE WAS, AN ARTIST AT HIS TRADE, AND THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE BROTHERHOOD OF EMBALMERS. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE LUKE DRUMMOND...
STORY: JACK OLECK
ART: DAVID MANAK
ELMER, TELL ME THE TRUTH. WE'RE BOTH UNDERTAKERS, BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS BUSY AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE MY NEXT CORPSE IS COMING FROM. HOW DO YOU DO IT, ANYWAY?
THERE! THIS ONE'S READY TO GO AND JUST IN TIME, TOO. THE FUNERAL SERVICE BEGINS IN JUST A FEW MINUTES. ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER, EH, LUKE?
MEANING—WHY DON'T I STOP ASKING QUESTIONS, HUH?
OKAY, SO I'M PRYING! BUT—ELMER, HOW DO YOU DO IT? COME ON, YOU CAN TELL ME. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS EVER SINCE WE ATTENDED OLD BURYEMU TOGETHER. WHAT IS YOUR SECRET?
SECRET? IT'S NO SECRET, LUKE, I JUST USE MY BRAINS!
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU WON'T TELL ME! AND YOU CALL YOURSELF MY FRIEND! WE EVEN DID OUR FIRST EMBALMING TOGETHER!
MR. FARQUARD? IS EVERYTHING READY? WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU TO BRING MY BROTHER'S BODY OUT TO THE CHAPEL SO SERVICES CAN BEGIN.
HE'S READY, MR. FORREST, I'LL HAVE HIM WHEELED OUT AND...
LIKE THAT? WHY, HE-HE LOOKS LIKE A BUM! TORN SHOES, A FRAYED SHIRT, A WRINKLED SUIT--NO! I CAN'T BURY HIM LIKE THAT! WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK?

OH, COME NOW, MR. FORREST, IT ISN'T AS BAD AS ALL THAT! AFTER ALL, A MAN SHOULD BE BURIED AS HE LIVED, AND...
AND MY BROTHER WAS A BUM! I KNOW! BUT I DON'T WANT HIM BURIED AS HE LIVED! I WANT HIM BURIED AS I LIVE! I'VE GOT AN IMAGE TO PRESERVE!

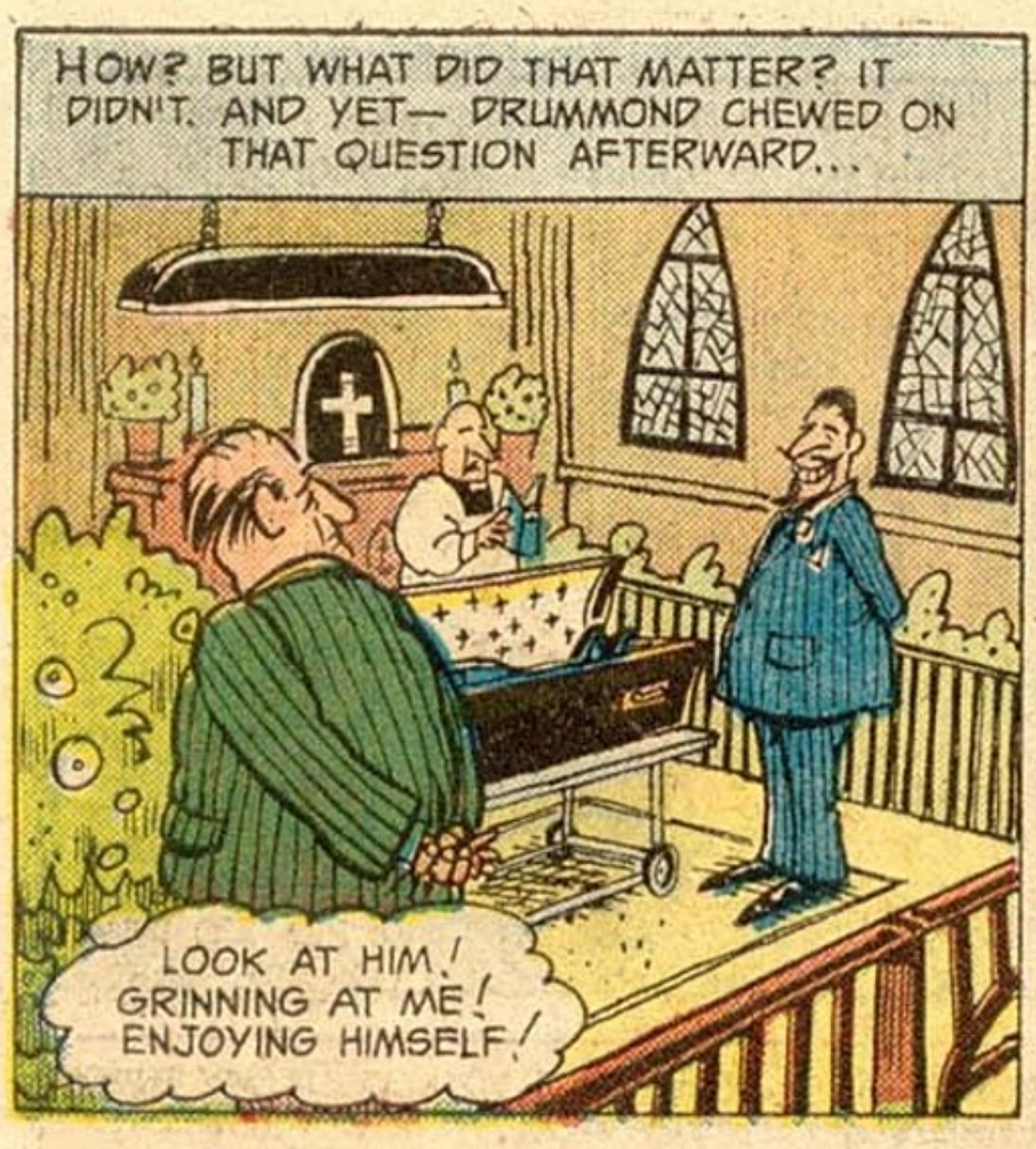
THERE! THAT'S HOW HE SHOULD LOOK! YOU GET HIM SOME DECENT CLOTHES!
BUT THERE'S NO TIME! THE SERVICES START IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES!

PLEASE! BE REASONABLE!
REASONABLE? AT YOUR PRICES? YOU HEARD ME, FARQUARD! THAT'S HOW I WANT MY BROTHER TO LOOK, AND YOU'D BETTER SEE TO IT!

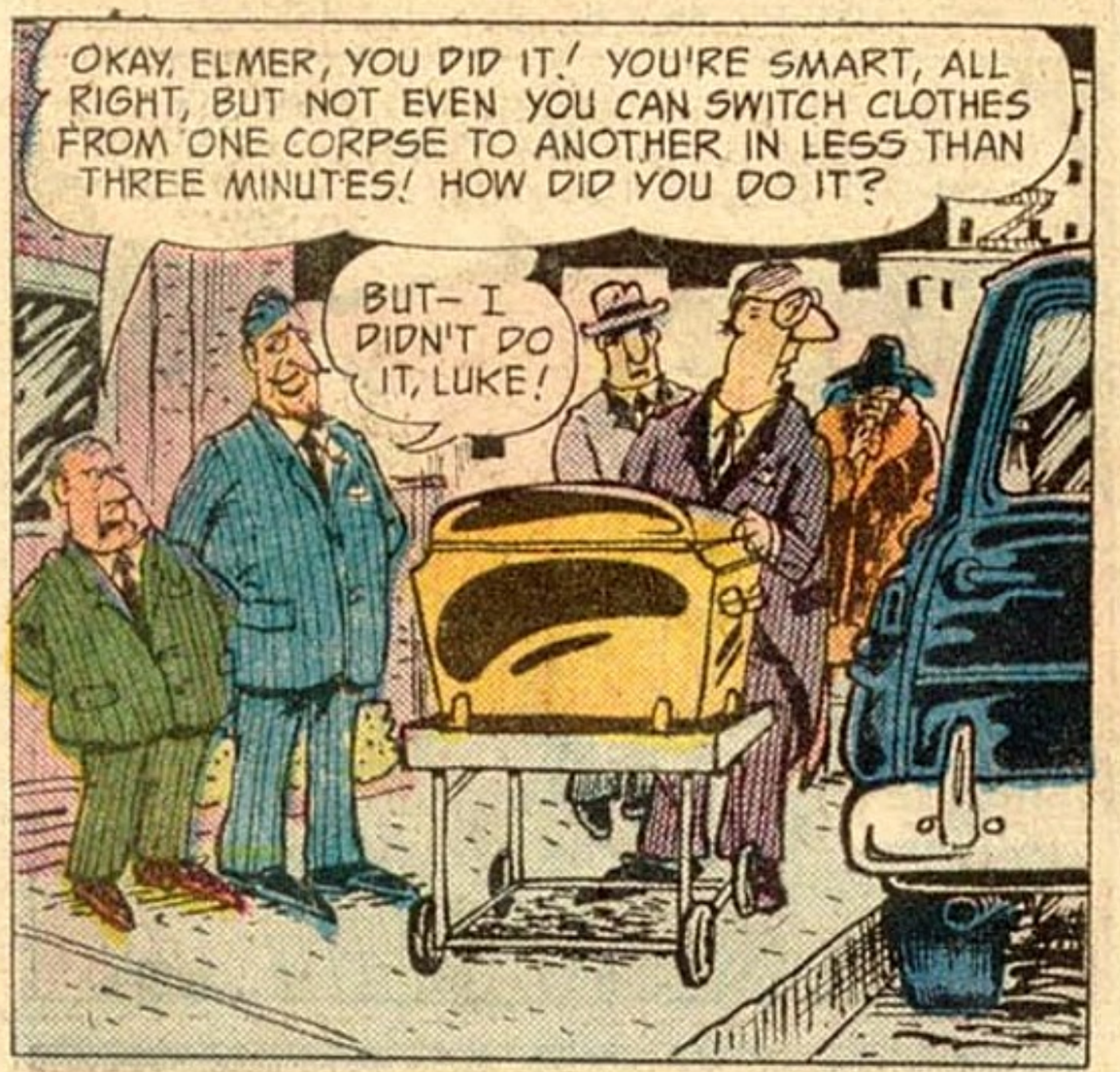
POOR ELMER, RIGHT THEN YOU COULD SAY THAT HE WAS SORT OF IN A BOX. HE HAD PROBLEMS AND LUKE DRUMMOND WAS NO HELP...
SO! YOU USE YOUR BRAINS, DO YOU? YOU IMPROVISE! HAH! OKAY, GENIUS, LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS ONE! WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?
I-I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S NO TIME!

IN THREE MINUTES? ALL RIGHT, GENIUS, I'LL BE WAITING IN THE CHAPEL! THIS I WANT TO SEE!
NO, DRUMMOND WAS NO HELP AT ALL. IN FACT, HE WAS TICKLED. NO ONE ELSE IN THE CHAPEL WAS SMILING LATER, BUT HE WAS, FOR A WHILE...
TEN SECONDS TO GO! WISE GUY! MAYBE AFTER THIS HE WON'T BE SO SURE THAT HE'S GOD'S GIFT TO THE UNDERTAKIN' BUSINESS. HE--

NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! BUT HE DID! HE SWITCHED THE CLOTHES FROM THAT OTHER CORPSE TO FORREST! IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES! BUT HOW?
2


HOW? BUT WHAT DID THAT MATTER? IT DIDN'T. AND YET— DRUMMOND CHEWED ON THAT QUESTION AFTERWARD...
LOOK AT HIM! GRINNING AT ME! ENJOYING HIMSELF!

THAT OLD SO AND SO-- HE IS SMART! I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM THAT! BUT THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO TELL ME HOW HE DID IT!


OKAY, ELMER, YOU DID IT! YOU'RE SMART, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT EVEN YOU CAN SWITCH CLOTHES FROM ONE CORPSE TO ANOTHER IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES! HOW DID YOU DO IT?
BUT— I DIDN'T DO IT, LUKE!

YOU DIDN'T--BUT I SAW HIM! AND HE WAS WEARING THE SAME CLOTHES THAT WERE ON THAT OTHER CORPSE! HE—
UH-UH! WRONG! YOU SEE, LUKE? THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE. YOU DON'T USE YOUR BRAIN! YOU DON'T IMPROVISE!

BUT I DO! YOU'RE RIGHT! NO ONE CAN SWITCH CLOTHES FROM ONE CORPSE TO ANOTHER IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES! I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO TRY!

I JUST SWITCHED HEADS!

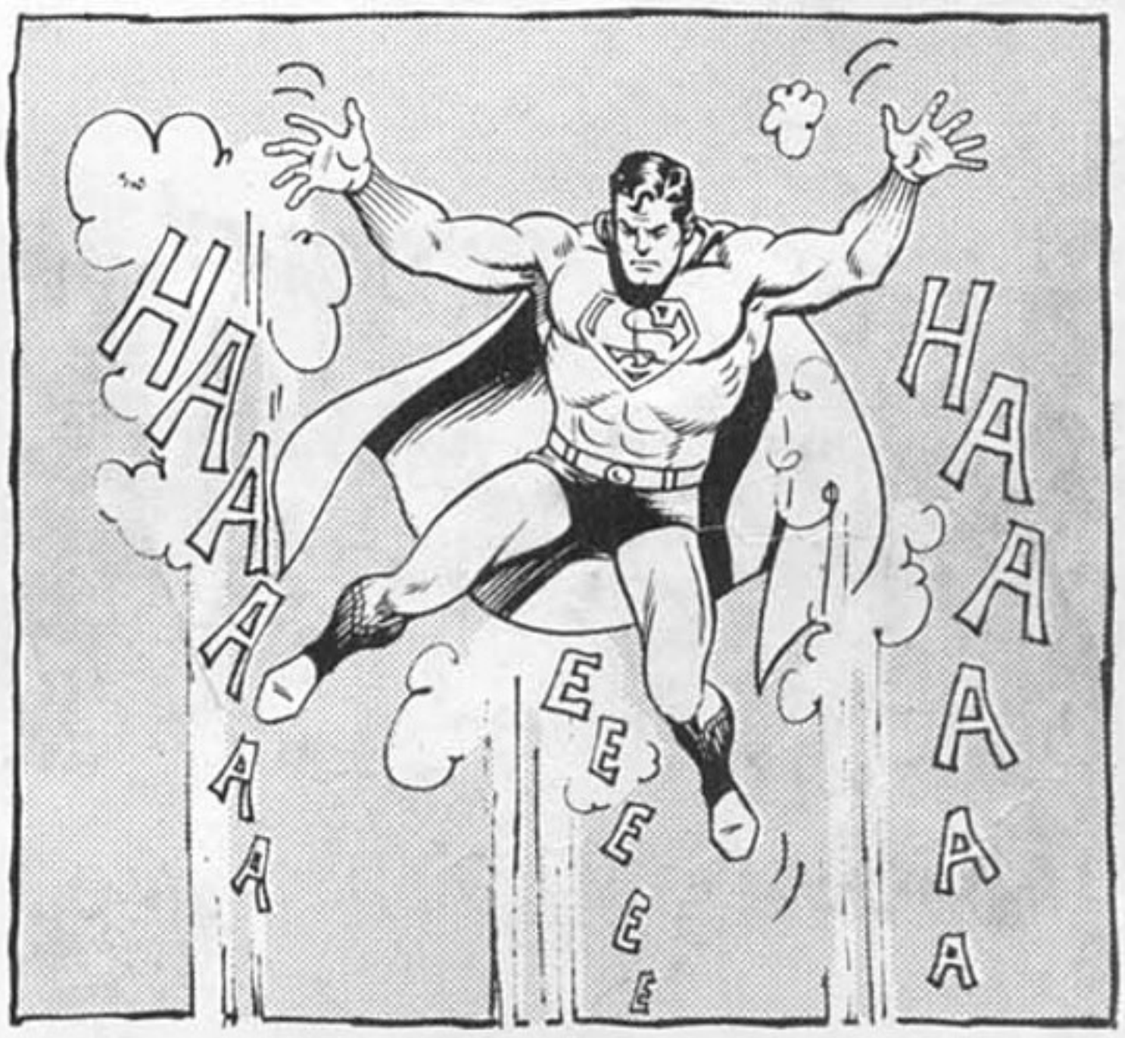
YEAH! THAT ELMER! CLEVER? HE WAS A REAL SHREWDIE. BUT THEN— HOW ELSE DOES ANYONE GET TO BE HEADMAN IN HIS PROFESSION? RIGHT?
3
END

THERE! WASN'T MY STORY BETTER THAN THOSE OTHER TWO? TELL THEM, BIG BOY--TELL THEM MINE WAS BEST!
NO WAY!

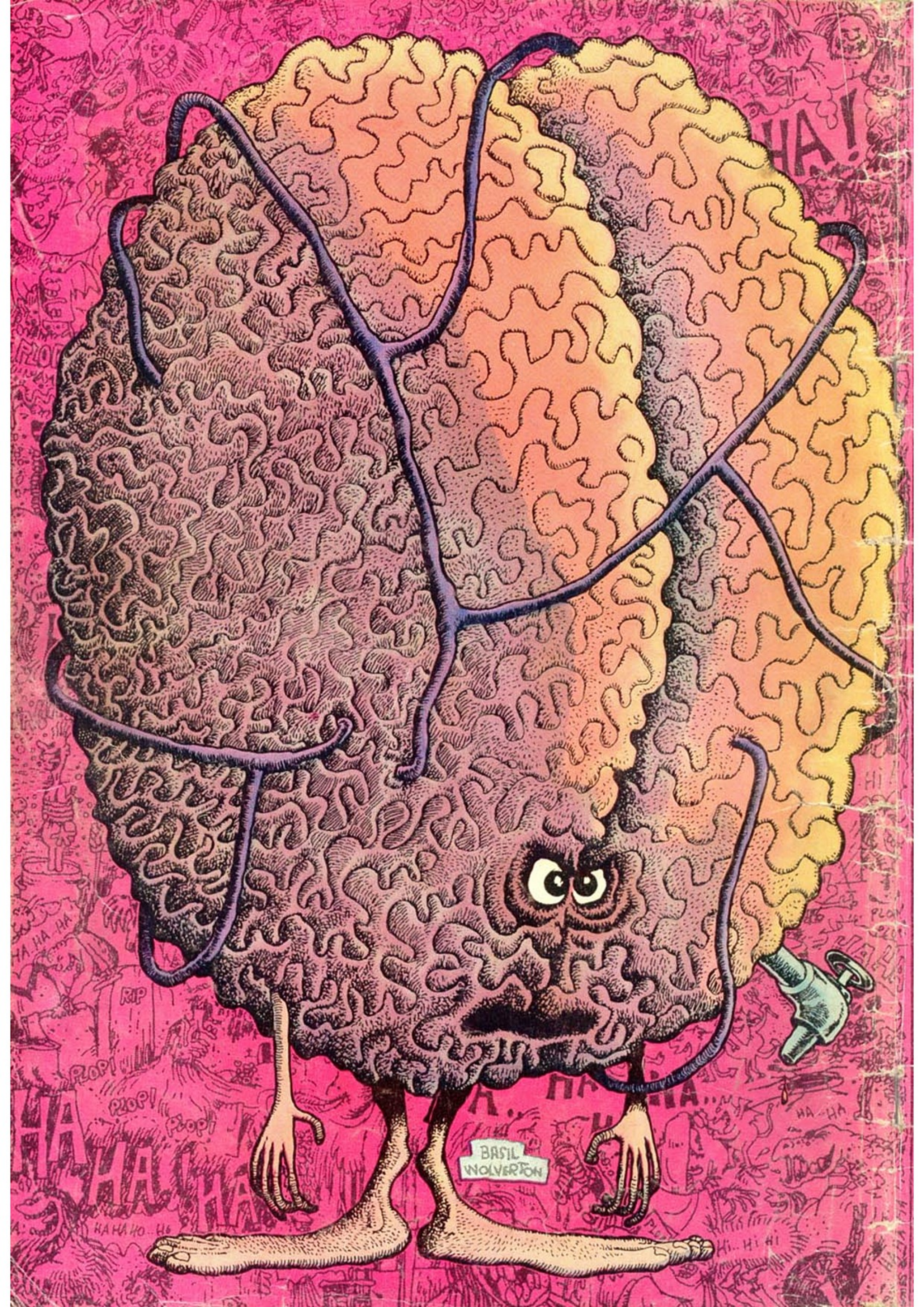
ZA-333

MY TALE WAS ENLIGHTENING, THRILLING, AND HAD YOU RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT, DIDN'T IT, SUPERMAN?
FOOEY! MY STORY WAS A VAST IMPROVEMENT ON ABEL'S PIECE OF TRIPE! AND EVE'S WASN'T A STORY AT ALL! IT WAS JUST A ONE-LINE GAG!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! AT LEAST MY STORY WAS ORIGINAL! THESE OTHER TWO WOULDN'T KNOW ORIGI-NALITY IF IT BLED TO DEATH ON THEIR FRONT LAWNS!

? ? ? ? ? ?


HAAAAA
EEEEE
HAAAAA

PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HMMPH! JUST BECAUSE SUPERMAN COULDN'T DECIDE WHICH OF US WAS BEST, THAT WAS NO REASON FOR HIM TO DROP THE WHOLE MATTER!
IF YOU ASK ME, THIS CERTAINLY WASN'T A VERY SUPER THING FOR HIM TO DO!
YEAH, BUT WE ASKED FOR IT! ONCE AGAIN, WE SET OUR-SELVES FOR A PLOP! AND WE'LL PROBABLY DO IT AGAIN NEXT ISSUE, TOO! I GUESS WE'LL NEVER LEARN!
NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN AUG.


HA!
BASIL WOLVERTON